

Catholic Digest

25¢

VOL. 2

JANUARY, 1938

NO. 3

THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC

The Hounds of Notre Dame	1
The Social Security Act	7
Chloroform	11
Odd Sheep	12
The German Religious Crisis	15
Paris Exposition	19
An Interview with Aileen O'Brien	23
A-B-C of Banking	26
Montalembert	31
Spain's First Soldier	35
One Literary Fold	38
Industrial Peace	41
The Diary of A Country Priest	43
This Popular Front	49
Ex-Orthodox	51
Hollywood Biography	53
Henry Adams	55
Marquette At Ludington	62
The Wanderings of a Gourmet	64
Posies, Paint Pots and Poets	69
Stars Fell on Coal Mines	73
Parents and Paganism	75
Dr. Johnson's Wit	78
Japan and the Christian World	82
Eric Gill	86
Radio City	88
On A Hobby-Horse	91
The Church and Fascism	94

CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

"That writer does the most, who gives his readers the most knowledge, and takes from them the least time."

C. C. Cotton.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST
Chancery Building, St. Paul, Minnesota

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
Subscription price, \$3.00 the Year—2 Years for \$5.00
Your own and a gift subscription \$5.00



The Catholic Digest does not employ private agents to accept money for subscriptions. Instead it relies upon its readers to make it known to other potential readers. Copies of The Catholic Digest may usually be found in Catholic bookstores. It is for sale on practically all newsstands.



Entered as second-class matter, November 11, 1936, at the post office at St. Paul, Minnesota, under Act of March 3rd, 1879.

Paul Bussard
Editor

Louis A. Gales
Managing Editor

Edward F. Jennings
Business Manager

Copyright 1937 by The Catholic Digest, Inc.

Member of the Catholic Press Association



Catholic Digest

VOL. 2

JANUARY, 1938

NO. 3

The Hounds of Notre Dame

Rockne design for a college

By REX BEACH

Condensed from *Cosmopolitan**

There is a unique college at Wilcox, Saskatchewan. It is the only coeducational, nonsectarian college under Roman Catholic auspices in existence. Its president and founder, Father Athol Murray, has blazed a new trail in education and is as truly a pioneer as those Jesuit Fathers who first explored the Northwest.

His institution operates without aid of grants or taxes; it has no endowment; its students are poor; there has never been enough money in the treasury to permit budget planning. Nobody—and that includes the stout-hearted priest himself—can figure out how the school gets by. Nevertheless, it *does*.

When funds are needed badly enough they come "out of the nowhere"; when bread runs short, manna falls; when the coal bin is empty, ravens replenish it. The

truth, of course, is that Father Murray has made friends and when his back is about to break, somebody holds the burden until he can catch his breath. Unfortunately, most of those friends are men of modest means who can't lift much.

In spite of its crudities and its lack of facilities, it is about the lustiest and most vigorous college, pound for pound, in the whole Dominion. It bulges at the seams with health; it is rich in that flaming spirit of loyalty and those warm "human values" that make real colleges.

A Hudson's Bay blanket and a towel are about all a student there has use for—some can't afford even those. Life is rigorous, hardships are many, the going is tough; and yet some of the best-placed boys in the Northwest, boys of ample means, would give their right eyes

*57th St. at Eighth Ave., New York City, Oct., 1937.

to get into that little college.

The town of Wilcox, population 400, just south of Regina, is a product of Canada's farm colonization area. It is as drafty as a corn-crib, for it stands out on the flat, treeless prairie and is surrounded entirely by unbroken horizon. Here the Canadian Pacific Railway runs for 70 miles without a curve—longest tangent in the world—and in plowing a fireguard, a furrow can be run for 25 miles without lifting the plow out of the ground. The soil is rich.

For years this was a land of plenty—then came the depression and the droughts. Times grew desperately hard. Many prairie dwellers were forced to subsist on Dominion funds; in some places even the elementary schools were closed for lack of money. The isolated youth of that sick country were in a particularly bad way, for there was neither work nor education to be had.

Realizing that they could not afford to go away to a university, this young priest decided to bring a university to them. Out of his little parish school he built a coeducational, nonsectarian college which includes all grades from primary to full Arts courses. He patterned its ideals of character and body-building upon the code of the late Knute Rockne, most famous and best be-

loved athletic director of our times, and he called it Notre Dame of Saskatchewan. So far as I know, there is no other college like this little barbed-wire institution.

Obviously, it had to be geared down to conform to local conditions, so the rate for room, board and tuition is \$18 a month. In the drought district, however, \$18 seems like a lot of money and by no means all the students can wangle it. They pay what they can afford, in cash or in farm produce, and work out the balance. That makes tough going for the faculty.

Father Murray's teachers are lucky to draw \$10 a month in salary, and his annual pay during the past eight years as president has run about \$40. However, here is one place where money doesn't talk. It barely peeps.

Everybody works, and works cheerfully: boys and girls perform practically all of the college drudgery, do most of their own cooking, plan their own meals and do their own buying. So grateful are they for the opportunity to better themselves that nobody shirks or even complains.

An extraordinary person is Father Murray. He adheres to the theory that any boy or girl who is worth educating is worthy of a chance to cash in on that education. He isn't content to teach 'em, train

'em and turn 'em loose. He tries to discover their talents, if any, and mold them into a means of livelihood. Having satisfied himself that one of his "gang" has aptitude in some particular line, he goes looking for a job to fit it. This explains in part why it is not a question at Notre Dame of how to increase enrollment but of how to curtail it.

It was in Vancouver that I first heard of the man and his work. He had come there with a boy tucked under his arm and had landed a job for him. I was told about the athletic teams that come from Wilcox, the "Hounds" of Notre Dame. Out of a total enrollment of approximately 150 students of both sexes, that little country school turns out about the toughest, fastest and gamest hockey, lacrosse, rugby and baseball teams in the Dominion. They travel from place to place in a battered old truck, yelping for raw meat.

According to reports they prefer to play older, heavier, more famous teams than theirs. With them, I was told, rides this bareheaded, brown-faced priest, chanting the battle cry of Knute Rockne and urging his load of assassins to lay off the lady-like capers and get down to the serious business of murder, mayhem and sudden death. It was with keen curiosity, therefore, that

I visited Wilcox to give Father Murray and his blood-letters the once-over.

The Padre himself, thickset, bare-headed, brown-faced, met the train. He wore a soiled trench coat which looked as if he had tunneled his way to the station; with him were several lusty country boys who grinned in a friendly fashion and fought for my luggage. Those who lost out volunteered to carry me!

I liked them, and I liked Father Murray. I felt as if I had known him always. He has a fine eye and a grand smile; he is a sincere, forceful talker, and he radiates warmth. He is considered a brilliant orator.

When we set out to visit his institution he confessed, "I'm badly frightened at having you here, for there's so little to *see*. The thing that is Notre Dame must be *felt*. No 'building'; just some wooden stores and houses that we've taken over as we needed them. Not even a campus! It's a mighty poor show. It isn't an institution, it's an inspiration—the inspiring idea of clean, hard, aggressive living, thinking, working, playing which Knute Rockne left behind him.

"Character is our main objective, so we don't go in much for discipline. What there is comes from the individual's free impulse to do the right thing. I think it's the greatest college in the world."

The speaker was sincere but he was like an embarrassed boy, more than a little fearful that I couldn't "take it."

The main lecture hall is a two-storied frame building on the muddy main street; it was once a small furniture factory. It needed a coat of paint; its furnishings were cheap and simple. Father Murray's own books, some rare and extremely fine, are the most valuable physical asset of Notre Dame. Its other values are more difficult to appraise.

"We go in heavily for sport," he explained, "and in that, of course, the Rockne tradition is the very atmosphere we breathe, but we're affiliated with the University of Ottawa; we teach the full Arts course, so the gang has to work like blazes to keep even with their studies. We've won a couple of Dominion scholarships for post-graduate courses, at that, which isn't bad when you realize that most of these youngsters are penniless and that the college itself rambles along from hand to mouth purely through the grace of a benevolent Providence. We seldom know this week where the money for next week is coming from—and we've quit worrying about it. It always arrives.

"Don't get the impression that we're overly religious here. We're not. Good Lord! We're one hun-

dred percent human! These boys and girls represent every creed; there's absolute religious freedom here, but I'm sure the least devout of them feels in his heart that Notre Dame is a 'miracle' college and that we have to count on the Divine.

"Sounds a bit priestly, doesn't it?" The speaker grinned. "But listen to this: we had a drought for three years. There wasn't a spear of wheat, scarcely a blade of grass or even a weed growing on this prairie. Seed wouldn't sprout, dust blew, we breathed the soil of these farms into our lungs at every breath. *Three years!* Everything was at a standstill: stores folded up; stock died; farmers were gaunt and their families were underfed. The merchants who carried us had gone as far as they could go.

"I called the kids in off the baseball field, explained the situation and told them it wouldn't be a bad idea if they went into the church and prayed for a little help. They went, just as they were, and while they were there a stranger drove up and asked for me. He said he had heard about Notre Dame and wanted to do his bit. He handed me a hundred-dollar bill, then drove off.

"A hundred dollars! At a time like that! It eased us through and saved those merchants."

The coziest den on the premises was a moldy, disused icehouse with thick sawdust walls. The floor was flat on the ground, the place smelled musty, but its occupants boasted that with a fire going they often had to open the door.

The ritziest quarters, however, the ones Father Murray showed last and with an ostentatious flourish, consisted of some small portable bunkhouses, designed to care for emergency crews of road laborers. He had bought them secondhand for \$20 apiece.

Father Murray's room in the rectory is so small that he has to go outdoors to put on a sweater. There are no bathrooms, washstands or toilets in these boys' dormitories; in fact, I didn't see even a sheet or a pillowcase anywhere.

"We're lacking in a lot of things," he confessed, "but our gang didn't have much at home, and they realize that this is only a place to eat, sleep and go to school. They eat in the basement of my church."

The girls live in a cottage which they run as the boys run theirs: along with their Arts course, they perfect themselves in the oldest art of all, housekeeping. They clean, sweep and cook their way to their degrees.

Few commands are issued and rules are scarce at Notre Dame, for

students are expected to learn and practice self-discipline. Father Murray believes that true education is to be found in good fellowship, in the casual book, in sports and games and the mastery of the body. That theory and the Rockne code, budded to healthy root stock, make a robust growth.

Notre Dame turns out ambitious workers, not underdone social reformers or rancid-minded juveniles. Nobody is in revolt; there are no "advanced" economic and social theories; there is no "new" morality. These boys and girls are just swell kids who are tickled to get an even start with the other fellow. In this their Padre helps them to the limit.

"Here's a lad who has developed into a pretty good sports writer. I think I've landed him a job on a Vancouver paper. That fellow over there will make a good accountant. I'll find a place for him, too. The task of finding jobs grows easier as important people through the Dominion understand what we're doing here.

"Good athletes are in demand, and here's where we turn them out. Something about the climate and the altitude, plus the way these people live. We've sent hockey players to Germany and Belgium and the States and all over Canada at salaries that assure them a fine

start in earning an honest living."

Hockey, of course, is the great Canadian game. Drafting a boy into one of the major teams is like picking an American boy out of high school to join the Giants. It opens a career.

The day I arrived, one of the "Hounds" had received a wire to come to Toronto pronto and bring his skates. He was leaving on the first train. He was dazed; his face was a grin with some hair on it. He was only 17, and he had a widowed mother to support. This was his first job, and he was starting at \$4,000 a year—a fortune to him.

"It's better for him to quit his schooling now than to lose this opportunity," Father Murray explained.

I heard Father Murray's last words of admonition to the boy. "Well, Bill, I rode you pretty hard, didn't I?"

Bill flushed; he was on the verge of tears—and so was the priest. "Sure! But I had it coming. It did me a lot of good."

"Mind if I keep riding you for a while?"

"Geel I wish you would."

"Don't let this job go to your head. You're a swell hockey player but—you're kind of dumb."

"You're telling me!"

"You'll have money to spend for the first time in your life. You'll meet city girls and see night clubs. Watch your step! Better send most of your money home to your mother; she hasn't seen any for years. And don't forget that little country girl we fought over. I didn't disapprove of her; I was merely trying to hold your nose to the grindstone. She thinks a lot of you; write her once a week. When you've saved up enough, come back to Notre Dame and—I'll marry you two."

American Education

Will a college education make your children more industrious? More dependable? More honorable? More sensitive to ideals which are unselfish, the pursuit of which will bring neither publicity nor profit? In a word, will the school or college train their character?

The school or college will probably do no such thing. You as a parent will neither ask nor expect such a result. You will count yourself lucky if your children come out not much weaker morally than they went in. Where morality is not taught from the home up, the educational system becomes first an expensive folly, then an organized racket.

In the average college or school we have long neglected the training of the mind, but we used to say our aim was to build character. Now we do neither.

Meanwhile, if you can't expect for your children in the new school year any moral advance at all, why don't you keep them at home? Is their home bad for them? Or are they perfect already?

John Erskine in *Liberty*.

The Social Security Act

Four billion dollar idea

By LAWRENCE LUCEY

Condensed from **Columbia***

The Social Security Act is the most comprehensive law ever enacted in the U. S. or any other land. When all the States, the District of Columbia, Hawaii and Alaska have set their legislatures to work drawing up the laws that the Social Security Act requires them to adopt, there will be 306 laws all stemming from this one Act of Congress.

In addition to pensions for workers over 65 years of age there are six other subjects included in the Social Security Act. Each of the 48 States, the District of Columbia, Hawaii and Alaska will be granted a certain amount of money annually, provided they enact laws and pay part of the cost of the following purposes:

(1) Support of the needy aged who are not included in the pension plan; (2) Payment of insurance benefits to the unemployed; (3) Support of dependent children; (4) Maintain maternal and child health services; (5) Assist public health work, and (6) Aid the needy blind. These six types of laws are to be enacted by the 48 States, the District of Columbia, Hawaii and Alaska, or 51 legislative bodies are to enact 306 laws.

Almost 26 million employees are

covered by the pension plan and approximately 3 million employers are required to pay an excise tax and contribute one-half of the cost of the pensions. Forty States, the District of Columbia and Hawaii were paying benefits to over one million needy aged people last May. (These charitable benefits should not be confused with the pensions that are to be paid to aged workers beginning in 1942.) More than 30,000 needy blind people in 28 States and the District of Columbia were receiving monthly payments under the Social Security Act last May.

Over 300,000 dependent children in 30 States were being cared for last May. Up to last June 43 States had enacted unemployment insurance laws. Beginning next January nine States and the District of Columbia will commence paying weekly benefits to their insured unemployed. The Social Security Act requires a State unemployment insurance law to be operative for two years before benefits can be paid to the unemployed.

When the seven different types of social security are fully operative, about one out of every three people will be directly affected by them.

*45 Wall St., New Haven, Conn., Dec., 1937.

Employers will have to pay three excise taxes. They are taxed for the pension plan, they are taxed by a State for its unemployment insurance law, and they are also taxed by the Federal government for unemployment insurance. Employees will have to pay an income tax for the pension plan and in some States they also are taxed for unemployment insurance. Only employees covered by the pension plan and the State unemployment insurance law, of course, will participate in the pensions and the unemployment insurance payments.

When the needy aged, dependent children, the poor blind, and those who will be benefited by the two medical sections of the Act are added to the employers and employees included in the law, it covers about one-third of the population of the United States, Hawaii and the District of Columbia. It is very likely that many employers and employees now exempt from the pension plan will be included within a few years.

Those who are not affected directly by social security are indirectly concerned, for every phase of the Act, except the pension plan, is supported by grants from the treasury of the Federal government. General local taxes will be levied in order to pay the cost of caring for the needy aged, dependent children,

the poor blind and the sick. Though two-thirds of the people in the nation are not directly concerned with social security they are affected indirectly by the taxes they will have to pay. Only 29 million employers and employees are included in the pension plan but about 130 million souls come within the other six sections of the Social Security Act.

During 1937, 1938 and 1939 it is estimated that \$600,000,000 will be collected annually for the pension plan, one-half from employers and one-half from employees. This \$600,000,000 tax will be increased by 50% every third year until 1949. For 1949 and every year thereafter the tax will amount to \$1,800,000,000. This figure does not take into consideration the fact that the pension plan will include more workers by 1949 than are now covered. If the population increases and the Social Security Act is enlarged to include many employees not presently eligible, which undoubtedly will happen, then the cost of pensions will exceed \$1,800,000,000 every year.

By the year 1980 it is estimated that there will be a reserve of \$47,000,000,000 in the treasury for the payment of old-age pensions. \$47,000,000,000 is almost five times as much money as there is in all the savings banks in the nation. It is eight times as much money as there

now is in circulation. It is four times the value of all the gold in the U. S. treasury.

For unemployment insurance the Federal board is allotted \$49,000,000 for each year beginning with 1937. This money is to be divided up and turned over to the 51 government boards that administer the unemployment insurance fund in the States, the District of Columbia, Hawaii and Alaska. This \$49,000,000 is to be used solely to pay salaries to the employees of the 51 local boards and the other expenses incidental to administering the unemployment insurance law such as rent, light, heat, equipment, stationery, printing, etc. Not one penny of this \$49,000,000 is to be paid to the unemployed as benefits.

The 51 local governments are to compensate their unemployed by taxing the payrolls of employers in their territory and in some States by taxing employees also. Most of the 43 unemployment insurance laws provide that after a few years there will be a tax of three percent on the payrolls of all employers covered by the Act. If all 51 of the local governments follow this three percent tax, as they are likely to do, about \$900,000,000 will be collected each year by these taxes. When the Federal grant is added to the local funds, about \$949,000,000 will be collected for unemployment insur-

ance—a sizeable figure indeed.

To obtain \$1,800,000,000 for the pension plan annually and \$949,000,000 for unemployment compensation annually, the wage paid to a worker will be taxed four different times.

To be concrete let us see what John Doe will be doing in 1949 when the full weight of these taxes are felt. Let us say that by the time 1949 arrives John is earning \$50 per week. And let us say that he is working in New York. On each pay day four different taxes will have to be paid because John received his wages. An itemized account of these taxes follows:

John Doe: \$50 per week—3 percent Federal employee tax for pension plan: \$1.50, 3 percent Federal employer tax for pension plan: \$1.50, 3 percent N. Y. State employer tax for unemployment insurance: \$1.50, .3 percent Federal employer tax for unemployment insurance: .15. Total weekly tax: \$4.65.

As an initial contribution to the needy aged the Federal government appropriated the sum of \$49,750,000. The amount to be allotted in subsequent years is to be one-half that which each of the 51 local governments pay to their needy aged. But the maximum Federal grant to an individual shall not exceed \$15 per month.

Probably the reader who has tried

to understand this explanation of the Social Security Act has been staggered by the size, scope and cost of the Act. Nothing so colossal has ever before been attempted. An Act which affects every person in the United States, Hawaii and Alaska—130 millions of people—requires the enactment of 306 different laws by 51 legislative bodies, and costs \$4,000,000,000 annually, is something that defies comprehension.

When this bill was being discussed in the Senate committee there were three social security experts present for every Senator. In the House of Representatives a member of the Ways and Means Committee, Congressman Samuel B. Hill, admitted to his colleagues that after weeks and weeks of study he was unable to grasp the full meaning of this Act. Congressman Hill consoled his fellow Representatives who were to vote on the measure by saying: "I know that it is probably difficult for the members generally to find the time to study this bill closely and to understand every detail of this legislation. This is no reflection on any-

one. I want to confess it is difficult for the members of the Ways and Means Committee, who have studied it for weeks, to get the full purport and understanding of all its provisions and ramifications."

What Congressman Hill was trying to say was that neither he nor the other members of the Committee, who had made a detailed study of the Social Security Act, knew exactly what it was all about; therefore the other members of Congress should not consider themselves blockheads if they didn't either.

As soon as the Social Security Act begins to function in high gear the errors, omissions and sins of this Act will be felt, and Congress will be deluged with proposals to amend it. Every European country that has enacted social security legislation has had to amend its law. In some nations, such as England, at least one amendment to its social security laws is adopted every year. The Social Security Act is colossal now, but after a decade of amendments it will be super-colossal, and in a score of years it will be super-super-colossal.

Dead End

Rush Street, in Chicago, seven-eighths of a mile long, leads to a river where, every day, someone drowns himself in despair because of want; and on that short street every year there are squandered three million dollars on drinks and gambling.

Cecilia Mary Young in *The Franciscan* (Nov. '37).

Chloroform

Portrait of its discoverer

By ABBOT HUNTER BLAIR

Condensed from *The Universe**

I am writing this in a room overlooking the noble Princes-street of Edinburgh, almost within sight of the fine monument of Sir James Young Simpson, the great and kind physician whose name will be forever associated with the beneficent discovery of chloroform as an anaesthetic. And I often think, as I pass it in the busy street, backed by the frowning Castle, and look up at the presentment of the strong, rugged, kindly countenance, of days long ago, when dear "Simmie," as we children called him, was for a long series of years an annual visitor at my Scottish home. For we were a family of 13; and not a single one of us made our first appearance in this vale of tears without our dear friend being present, to mitigate by his skill and his marvellous invention the inevitable pains of parturition, and win the hearts of all of us children by his kindness and geniality and unending succession of delightful stories.

Even when we were resident abroad, and my third sister was born in Belgium, "Simmie" crossed the seas and was at hand on the auspicious occasion, as he always had been for a dozen years. Three years after that event he was created

a baronet and also a D. C. L. of Oxford; but no honors ever spoiled his native simplicity; and he remained, as always, the humblest of men as well as one of the most eminent of physicians.

I was a youth of 17 when Sir James died, deeply lamented, in 1870, after long suffering, at the early age of 59, and I still remember vividly the many tales he told us of his humble childhood, a hard-working baker's 7th son; of his early education, his successful passing through school and college (he entered Edinburgh University at 14), "very, very young and very solitary"; and his graduation with honors and appointment as a member of the College of Surgeons, before he was out of his 'teens. Above all he thrilled us with the dramatic story of the November evening, now just 90 years ago, when he and two medical colleagues, all inhaled the new drug, practically together, in his own house, and all three fell under the table insensible, to the great alarm of his mother.

The new soporific was brought into immediate use; and the first child born under its influence was christened Anaesthesia to commemorate the fact, just as the first baby

*184, *Strand*, London, W. C. 2, England, Nov. 12, 1937.

vaccinated in Russia by Dr. Jenner was named Vaccinoff.

"Simmie" showed us the photograph of Anaesthesia, of which he was very proud, as a pretty girl of 17; and he also spoke of the fiercely fanatical opposition to his discovery and its application by people of all ranks in life in Scotland, including ministers, who contended that pain was sent by God as a punishment for man's sin, and that any attempt to abolish it was flying in the face of the divine decrees.

Simpson of course had many warm friends and supporters in high, even in royal, circles; and the fact, which Queen Victoria wished to be made known, that chloroform had been administered to her in all her numerous confinements, did more than anything else to stem the torrent or disapproval, even of vituperation, with which the dis-

tinguished physician had for some time been assailed.

Before the merciful introduction of anaesthesia by chloroform, Simpson (always most tender-hearted of men) had made a profound study of mesmerism, in the hope of discovering in it some palliative of pain. He found himself possessed of remarkable hypnotic powers; and I shall never forget his tale of a patient suffering from confirmed insomnia, whom he could send to sleep at his will. This patient had to go to Vienna for a prolonged visit; and Simpson assured us that every evening he was able to exercise his will-power on her, although a thousand miles away, so as to induce sleep for exactly as long a time as he thought she required.

God rest his soul wherever he be! I venerate his memory as that of one of the best men I ever knew.

Odd Sheep

By JAMES P. DAVIS

Condensed from *The Patrician**

The troubles of the Church in Mexico have caused many natives of that country to seek refuge in the U. S. Prior to the immigration restrictions now in force, a steady stream of people flowed across our Southern border. One group from

the Mexican State of Sonora stands out from all the rest—the Yaquis. The one word which might best serve to describe these Indians of Old Mexico is "different."

There are several Yaqui settlements or "Barrios" in Southern

**St. Patrick's Seminary, Menlo Park, Calif., Nov., 1937.*

Arizona. The more important are located just outside Tuscon and in the vicinity of Tempe. My experience with these people took place while I was pastor in Tempe. Up to that time I had no contact with Yaquis other than a visit to one of the Tuscon villages to see some of their Holy Week ceremonies. I believe that I had spoken to a Yaqui only once. A couple of old fellows from one of the Tuscon villages came to the Cathedral one evening to see if they could buy a Missal. I thought they wanted a small Missal with the translation of the text of the Mass in Spanish. Much to my surprise they insisted that they wanted a big Missal, one like the priest uses at Mass. They thought that we might have an old one. I consulted the pastor and he told me to send them on their way. The old fellows were "Maestros" from one of the villages and it seemed that they were in charge of all religious services in the village, at least in the priest's absence. They needed a Missal so that they could celebrate *la Misa chica*—a sort of dry Mass at which the "Maestros" officiate and which somehow takes the place of *la Misa grande*—the real Mass celebrated by a priest. After being assured that we had no such Missal for sale the "Maestros" left and it was not until two or three years later that I met

up with the "Yaquis" again and come to know how really different they are.

Guadalupe Village was one of the missions attached to the parish of Tempe and after getting settled I proceeded to pay a visit to the place one afternoon. The village consisted of about 50 families and twice that number of mangy dogs.

One thing never failed to impress me, the preparations which were made to receive the priest on the occasion of a sick call. Ordinarily a Yaqui shack is about the most disorderly and dirty habitation which one can imagine; but when the priest is called a real attempt is made to provide a fitting setting for the administration of the sacraments. Clean linen is put on the bed and the corner where the bed is, or at times the whole room is lined with clean sheets, a temporary altar is erected at the bedside and fitted with crucifix and candles.

After attending several Yaquis on their death beds it occurred to me that I had never officiated at a funeral. So at the first opportunity I inquired about the matter. I was informed that the "Maestros" attended to all funerals. I tried to explain that, while such a practice would be very commendable in the absence of a priest, I did not believe it was the right thing to do when the priest could be had. My

explanation did not register at all.

Later I happened to visit the cemetery when a Yaqui burial was in progress. I had come to bury a Mexican and after concluding the services at the grave I thought I would see what the Yaquis did. Under a thatched shelter in the middle of the cemetery the home-made board coffin was placed on the ground. A group of toothless old hags stood at one side, evidently they were the choir, one of the "Maestros" stood at the head of the coffin and much to my surprise, I heard that illiterate "Yaqui" go through the *Libera* and all the rest to the *In Paradisum* and not leave out a word. The chant was not Gregorian but it was very solemn. The holy water was sprinkled at the times called for by the rubrics and the proper oration sung. I stood by in cassock, surplice and stole and, as far as that funeral was concerned, might just as well have been

miles away. I have inquired since of Father Green who succeeded me as Pastor in Tempe and he vouches for the same experience with the Yaquis and their funerals. The priest is definitely not wanted there.

I have since been told that the Missionaries in Mexico had taught the Yaquis to conduct the funeral services in Latin as prescribed in the Ritual and that the "Maestros" hand the formulae down from generation to generation. The same thing applies to much of the Holy Week ritual. The *improperia* are sung and parts of the Lamentations and the *Miserere*, but, if you notice closely you will see that the singers are often holding books upside down.

With all their faults one must admit that the Yaquis take to heart their membership in the Church militant. Despite an admixture of many odd customs and a woeful amount of ignorance, they are devoted to the Church.



As the Romans

Our familiar saying, "When in Rome do as the Romans do," has its origin in the advice St. Ambrose gave St. Augustine in regard to conformity to local custom. The authority of the See of Milan almost equalled that of Rome, and each Christian society had its particular rule for the observance of rites and customs. "My Mother," said St. Augustine, "having joined me at Milan, found that the Church there did not fast on Saturdays, as at Rome, and was at a loss what to do. I consulted St. Ambrose of holy memory, who replied, 'When I am at Rome, I fast on a Saturday; when I am at Milan I do not. Do the same. Follow the custom of the church where you are.'"

The German Religious Crisis

French analysis of Nazi stupidity

By VICTOR DILLARD

Translated and condensed from *Etudes**

"We shall not do you the honor of making you martyrs," Dr. Goebbels has declared to German Catholics. Through the organized press, powerful pressure on Government workers, harassments of all kinds, Catholics are, however, relegated to a position in between that of the Jews and the true Nazis. As a matter of fact, few of these general measures are taken officially. But, behind the front, an implacable war is pursued inch by inch: impossibility for many young Catholics to find work, no advancement for those who are in office, progressive elimination of nuns in hospitals and schools, clever tracking, by photographs and accusations, of all those who take part in Catholic affairs.

On the whole, German nationalism is on the way towards a strongly materialistic totalitarianism which it colors with a sort of quasi-religious mysticism and which leads it necessarily to eliminate as adversaries every other form of mysticism and every other form of religion.

Why this persecution? The Concordat had inaugurated an era full of promise. It had been worked out on the model of the Italian Concordat and seemed to indicate

that the German Government intended to resolve its spiritual conflicts in an equitable manner. The atmosphere was then as favorable as it could be. Many young priests and most of the German youth had hoped joyously for the coming of new times! They all wished to be the workers in the reconstruction of Germany!

Only four years have passed, and all these beautiful dreams have rolled away. Why? Why continue obstinately in the present persecution, when Germany has everything to lose and probably has nothing to gain in attacking the Church? The Nazi conspiracies in Austria increasingly encounter the profoundly wounded conscience of a Catholic nation. In England, in Belgium, in the Low Countries, in France, in the U. S., public opinion has revolted against this attack on spiritual values. When Cardinal Mundelein denounced in energetic terms the peril of the German neo-paganism, he felt that he had the support of an entire people.

Why does Germany, nevertheless, continue to persecute Catholicism when it wishes to be a bulwark against invading Bolshevism, when it openly supports General Franco

*15, Rue Monsieur, 15, Paris, France, Oct. 5, 1937.

in his struggle against the Communist forces; why does it follow the atheistic steps of Stalin so closely that one can see little difference between the practices of Stalin and the ideology of Hitler?

It is true, and the German episcopate has never refused to recognize it, that certain small Congregations had seriously lost the rectitude of their spirit. With unemployment increasing the number of novices, perhaps the indulgence of those in charge went beyond the limits of patience required by the Gospel. It is however, very evident that all this was only pretext, that the series of the law-suits is willed and directed; and that it infinitely exceeds the so-called evils which it is supposed to cure. No, that isn't the reason for the persecutions.

A further question along these lines is: How to explain why the most bitter of the Nazi chiefs are fallen-away Catholics like Hitler and Goebbels. General Goering, a Protestant, is much less sectarian, and if it were up to him, the problem would be quickly settled. But the others are inexorables. When, in a recent pastoral letter, the Bishop of Berlin compared the present situation with that of Christians under the persecution of Julian the Apostate, there was no need of commentary; every one understood.

I believe that all these things are

explained most simply and accurately by the limitless ambition of German totalitarianism. "We don't need spiritual fathers here," declared Dr. Ley, one day after drinking, "We are the spiritual fathers of Germany, and that suffices." That isn't a radical movement "without God" as in Russia. They don't dare say, "We are God." But, at bottom. . . .

It was difficult for me to accept the above explanation until the day when I met some of those present at the lavish show put on one night recently by Dr. Goebbels for 300 members of the International Chamber of Commerce on the island of Paons in the middle of the lake Wannsee. The affair reminded me of Pantagruel, Sardanapalus, Nebuchadnezzar, Nero and the ostentatious orgies of the pashas of the Orient. There was Dr. Goebbels parading at the table of honor or sitting familiarly near Lillian Harvey and other movie stars. The show cost about \$100,000.

The German leaders thought that they sufficed for Germany and that there was no need of other gods. In two years, they thought Catholicism would have disappeared by the natural play of events. It now appears that the religious forces were under-estimated. That is why today there is recourse to ruse. And if that does not suffice, tomorrow

CATHOLIC DIGEST

The Golden Thread of Catholic Thought

☐ 12 Issues \$2.50

☐ 24 Issues \$5.00

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____

Phone (Area No.) _____

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____

(Add 50¢ for foreign postage)

Send subscription with check of _____

No
Postage Stamp
Necessary
If Mailed in the
United States

Postage
Will Be Paid
by
Addressee

BUSINESS REPLY CARD

First Class Permit No. 607 Sec. 510 P. L. & R. St. Paul, Minn.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

244 DAYTON AVE.

ST. PAUL, MINN.



it will be force without any disguise.

Such are the causes of the German religious crisis. As for results, the anti-religious propaganda has frequently failed. The purpose of the publicity in the law-suits charging immorality has been so manifest that many persons have conceived a profound disgust with it. And then, truly, a pint of good sense suffices to grasp the ridiculousness of Nazi chiefs making themselves professors of virtue. If the practice of law-suits for immorality were impartially generalized, it has been said, the courts of Germany would not suffice.

This said, let us admit that the anti-religious persistence of the press at length could not fail to have a certain efficacy. Little by little quantitative losses have been registered. They may still increase. The possible aggravation of the oath imposed on office-holders, the progressive tightening of the anti-religious vice, which more and more will place Catholics, as at Speyer, under the necessity of choosing between their conscience and their religious life, all that cannot fail to have some effect. It is difficult to calculate, but some see 30 per cent, others 50 per cent loss in Catholic strength.

This loss will, however, be simply compensated by the quality of the faithful Catholics. Everywhere

it is observed that they form an irreducible nucleus, ready to sacrifice all for Christ. Their fervor is intense and their self-denial without limits. "We have never known in Germany what it is to suffer for Christ," one of them told me. "We need to learn."

The most distressing question is that of the youth, for the principal effort of propaganda is directed against the young. In the "Hitlerian Schools" the Nazi education is intensive. A sort of religious atmosphere impregnates the school life with mystic warlike ceremonies, hymns and prayers to nature and to the sun, and above all the fanatical worship of the Führer.

The official propaganda has, however, in many cases been so senseless that it has destroyed national ideals. Some Germans no longer believe in Germany, since they do not believe in the new masters and since the party and the country are identified by the leaders. People no longer believe what the press tells them, not even the official news. I have the impression that most Germans do not seriously believe that the *Leipzig* was torpedoed.

In the face of this general situation the Catholic Church finds itself suddenly without defense. It has lost its old means of action: the press, youth groups and other or-

ganizations which made up its strength. The danger was not immediately seen. The anti-communist publicity of National Socialism reassured Catholics and their leaders so much that the movement towards the methods, and even the ideology, of the Soviet was not observed. Catholics temporized, hesitated, waited for political and spiritual stability. Now, however, things are seen clearly. The dioceses

are solidly organized and spiritually unified by the magnificent pastoral letters of their Bishops. The conferences of Fulda assure unity and it is not even impossible that a more stable organization may come to guarantee unity of direction in their resistance to persecution. The Church in Germany is confident, resolute and ready for the struggle, and if necessary even to the shedding of its blood.

Brown Sisters

In Germany the Catholic Charities function under the name of *Caritas Verein*. This organization has been almost entirely suppressed. Since the Third Reich aims to eradicate all traces of Christianity, it has no longer use for any organization which is essentially spiritual. To form unto itself guardians of the State who will carry on the State's diabolical mission from the cradle to the grave, a new political group has been brought into being called the Brown Sisters. These laywomen have no other obligation than to spy on the sick and dying, to enter the homes and there to influence youth from its earliest years to become Germanic pagans whose chief duty is worship of the State. During the past years the Nazi State has been secretly training this elite corps of women; today they stand ready over 23,000 strong! In order to mislead the rest of the world and even Germans themselves into believing this is a religious organization they have been given the name of Brown Sisters.

Marieli Benziger in *The Brooklyn Tablet* (13 Nov. '37).

Hitler's Haircut

It is said that Hitler is troubled with his hair which falls down over his eyes many times during the day. One time he was particularly annoyed and asked his barber to fix his hair so that it would stand upright in the Hindenburg style. The barber tried several times but failed.

"Pardon me, *mein Fuhrer*," he said, "I see only one means, one alone, but I would never dare to tell you."

"Come, my child, don't delay, I have decided."

"Oh, well! *Mein Fuhrer*, allow liberty of the press three days in Germany. You will see your hair stand on your head with such spirit it will never fall again."

Etudes (5 Oct. 1937).

Old wine in new jars

"SEE the Exposition at Night!" This was the advice we heard in Paris. Accordingly, we sat over our coffee in the Place du Trocadero until the last of daylight had faded from the sky; then we entered the main gates to see what wonders man had achieved with artificial light.

The first, the grand outlook that comprehends the entire Exposition is really glorious. From the vantage point before the Trocadero, looking over the Pont du Trocadero, and under the huge span that forms the base of the Eiffel Tower, the long vista is unified into a great composition of radiant color.

Immediately below, in the foreground, where the Fountain of the Four Continents had spilled its waters in comparative composure for the past half century, there is a new fountain which issues forth in a burst of tremendous but controlled energy. A basin some 500 feet long and 150 feet wide receives a huge arc of water which is shot forth in a low parabolic curve by four overlapping banks of five huge nozzles. The scale of this great stream is accented by vertical lines of tall, slender plume-jets which rise from the reflecting basins

Paris Exposition

By PROF. LEOPOLD ARNAUD

Condensed from *Pax**

on either side. The basins are lined with dark blue glass tiles, which lend to the water their rich color. At night the plumes and the great gushing stream are made luminous by changing light projected through the floor of the fountain.

Complementing the mammoth central fountain, water plumes rise on either side of the Pont du Trocadero some hundred feet into the air, while lights play upon them, giving them color and form.

Beyond the bridge rises the huge shaft of the Eiffel Tower, now used to produce a variety of marvelous effects. Sometimes it is sheathed in patterns of color; or again, the simple purity of its structural form is brought out against the black sky by floodlights from within the framework itself, while great paths of light radiate from it and free themselves in the vast blackness of the sky.

The architecture of the Exposition is of great importance, for in many cases the buildings themselves, with their apparent structural forms, mural compositions and decorative glass areas, are as interesting as the separate exhibits that they include. The glass house, built by Saint Gobain, the most im-

*181 East 93rd St., New York City, Nov., 1937.

portant manufacturer of glass in France, is an excellent example of this principle. It is small and unobtrusive and many will leave the Exposition without having seen it; but for beauty of form, originality of composition, and ingenuity in the application of a new material, it is one of the most important structures there. It incorporates the attributes of true Fair architecture; it has gaiety, novelty and charm; yet, however, fantastic and experimental this glass house might seem, it is highly functional, for it effectively achieves its purpose of demonstrating the use of glass. With the exception of a few mirrors and lenses shown in cases, all the materials exhibited are employed in the structure itself. The floors, walls, ceilings, roofs, doors, stairs—exterior and interior—seats, benches, fountains, statues, decorative, friezes and panels—all are of glass; and there is glass of every variety of texture, color and hardness; there is plate glass, moulded glass, cut glass, sculptured glass, pressed glass, blown glass, drawn glass, all used in the building for its structure and decoration.

The readers of these pages will probably have a special interest in the pavilion of Vatican City. Apart from its religious significance, it has a purely secular interest as a demonstration that traditional

themes can be given a modern expression without any loss of clarity, beauty or dignity. And since the form and decoration of the building are contemporary in design, they should rectify the erroneous theory that the Pope disapproves of religious art in the modern manner. He requires only that religious art shall have spirituality and comprehensibility; he disapproves of exaggerated subjectivism whereby the artist produces an interpretation so intensely personal that it is not intelligible to the public. Such art is not in keeping with the requirements of the Catholic Church, which needs a social art, since it is a Church for all people.

The pavilion of Vatican City is essentially a church in the form of a Greek cross: four shallow branches surrounding a polygonal core surmounted by a dome. The arm of the cross opposite the door, corresponding to the apse of the church, is given a very dramatic treatment. On a dais, raised several steps from the main floor level, is centered a great papal throne, simple and modern in design, but deriving in type from the early Christian bishops' *cathedra*. The entire wall behind the throne is loosely draped from ceiling to floor with fine white serge, decorated only by an applique of the Papal coat of arms, forming a central

medallion over the throne. The side walls are likewise hung, from ceiling to floor, with the flags of the nations, signifying the universality of the Church. Loosely gathered together, they produce a brilliant striation of color, contrasting the central wall with the simple white background and the throne against it.

The dome is raised on a drum pierced by sizeable windows filled with stained glass of modern design. This glass is very significant, for while it continues the general theory of composition used by the medievalists, it is modern in technique. Similar windows are installed in the Cathedral of Amiens with fine effect; and it is said that these in the Exposition are destined for the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris, and have been placed in the Fair that the reaction of the people might be observed. According to my taste, they are somewhat too red; but they should not be judged without knowledge of the conditions of their ultimate location. In any case they are examples of fine craftsmanship and decorative design.

In the exact center of the Pavilion, under the full height of the dome is a great platform that holds the High Altar. The sacred table complies with the liturgical requirements, being a plain slab, unen-

cumbered with flower stands or other unnecessary trappings. A great free-standing crucifix is placed at the center of one long side, and three monumental candle sticks rising from the floor, about the altar at either end. Mid-day Mass is celebrated daily. The pavilion has been planned that the altar might be thus placed in the center of the main hall, so that the Sacrifice of the Mass would take place in the midst of the congregation, to increase the sense of proximity between the officiating priest and the people in attendance. This is an expression of a spirit that has been growing in the Church. There has been an active movement within the Church to increase capacity for prayer, to give a new intensity of meaning to the words of the Mass "through Him and with Him and in Him."

There were markedly fine exhibits of religious and liturgical art in many of the foreign pavilions, notably in the Belgian and Hungarian buildings. They included altars, sacred vessels, vestments, stations of the Cross, glass windows, ecclesiastical jewelry, and all manner of objects of devotion. These adornments of Christianity, the externals of the religion, can produce a display of true grandeur, for few subjects have such timeless and dramatic quality as these accouter-

An Interview with Aileen O'Brien

Irish nurse in Spain

By PAUL McGUIRE

Condensed from *The Advocate**

Aileen O'Brien, a slender girl, in her early twenties, took the first medical supplies from Ireland to Spain, worked in hospitals at the front. Mr. Paul McGuire, a special correspondent of THE ADVOCATE in London, interviewed her on the eve of her third journey to Spain.

Aileen O'Brien tells extraordinary stories of Spain. She first met Carlists on the southern front. She went to call on one of their commanders in a house where a battalion, back from the line, was quartered. It was eight in the evening: the hour of the Rosary in the armies of Spain. The commander said to her, "What will Ireland do for us?" She replied, "We will give all we can, and in each home of Ireland they say the Rosary for Spain." He turned, opened a door, and there, in an immense room, the whole battalion was on its knees. He raised his hands. "In Ireland they are praying for us," he said. "Let us pray with them."

The quality of religious life amongst the troops, the Carlists especially, is startling. A battalion of Moors was brigaded with Carlists,

but the order came that they should return to their own division. They protested to the Head of the State himself, "We have heard of the saints of Spain," they said, "but now we know them."

At Seville, the Patroness of the Poor, of the workers, the waifs, the gypsies, the bullfighters, is Our Lady of Hope (in the old days, when a bullfighter was killed, she was put into mourning). The workers of the place saved for 20 years to buy her a golden crown. When the Red fury broke loose, her church was destroyed, but the image itself and the crown disappeared. It reappeared only after Talavera. Workers had hidden it away. Now they brought it out and formed a great procession. They would restore our Lady of Hope to her place of honor in Seville. She was to go to the University Chapel. The procession set out. Thousands of working-men and women marched. From four in the afternoon until midnight they moved through the crowded streets. The Military Governor and his staff came to salute. The procession was halted and the workers offered the golden crown to Spain. The General took it, but, he said, "Spain,

*143-151 d'Beckett St., Melbourne, C.I., Australia, Oct. 21, 1937.

when she is Spain again, will give to our Lady a more precious crown." The spokesman of the workers said, "No! she will not have a golden crown, but a crown of copper, and it will be made from the bullets which kill and wound us!" And so it is. The workers of Seville who are wounded in the armies of Spain have the bullets extracted, and they take them, when they can, and put them at the feet of the statue.

Spain, of course, is incomprehensible to the world. The intensely religious quality of her life survives nowhere else. We (even Catholics) can hardly understand it. Two years ago, at Pampeluna, the Communists' propaganda was all based on the argument that our Lord was the first Communist. It was the one argument effective in Spain, even amongst people who had ceased to practice. Today, the battalions raised by the notorious "Passion Flower" have, as their banner, the devil embroidered in red silk. God is real to them; God is the issue, and, with incredible logic, they accept it. One of the "Government" stations lately declared in a broadcast, "God may or may not be with Franco. The matter is arguable. But the devil is certainly with us."

This is the country which glib, young men from newspapers pre-

tend to interpret infallibly!

All Spaniards are mystics. Spanish Anarchism, for instance, is utterly alien to what we know as Communism, and the constant disturbances in Catalonia, and even in Madrid presage, in the very unlikely event of Valencia's victory, a still more terrible strife to follow. "We do not fight for the Government," an Anarchist says, "we will have no Governments." "Well, what about your social organization? How are you going to run trains and trams and provide water-supplies and all the rest?" "Ah!" shrugging his shoulders, "perhaps we shall not have trains and trams and water-supplies."

There was a young Moor named Mahomet. Aileen O'Brien used to talk to him in the hospital. He was always asking her for the badge of the Sacred Heart which she, like the troops, wore. But Franco had said that the Moors were not to be given Christian emblems, which they might regard superstitiously. So she had to refuse. "Ah! if Franco says that you must not give it, very well." But one day he limped up to her chuckling in terrific delight. He pulled back his tunic. "You will not give your badge to me. I have bought some." He had his tunic lined with religious medals of every sort available. "Now," he said, "you will

tell me who these are." So she told him what the medals represented. "This is our Lady of the Pillar; this is our Lady of Hope; this is our Lady of Good Counsel." He pondered as she talked. "This one you say, lives at Sevilla, and this one at Saragossa, and this one at Burgos?" Aileen nodded. "Yet they are all the same Lady?" "Yes they are all the same Lady. You see, Mahomet, it is just as if all her children were scattered and she sent a photograph of herself to each." He grinned and rolled his eyes. "Ugh!" he exclaimed. "This is worse than the Trinity!" She knew very well that he was drawing her on; the Moors delight in this sort of badinage. So she seized on one of the medals, "You see this one? This is St. James. He is the Patron of Spain. All Spaniards venerate him. And do you know why?" Then, with all the ferocity she could muster, "Because he chopped off the heads of thousands of Moors." Which is gross libel, of course, but Mahomet loved it. He roared with laughter. "Ah, then, I shall venerate him. Any Spaniard who could chop off the heads," a very realistic gurgled, "of thousands of Moors must be a great soldier."

Mahomet went to the Madrid front. He used to write to Aileen. One day the authorities sent for

her. She met the military censor. He frowned on her. "You know, Miss O'Brien, how strict General Franco is about the morals of his troops?" She nodded. "And you know our laws regarding women?" She nodded again. "Well, I have read a very strange letter addressed to you from a Moorish private. He says, 'I have all my ladies with me.' What does that mean?" So she had to explain about the medals, and she made him promise that Mahomet would not be punished.

Mahomet was killed before Madrid. But one can believe that his Lady was still with him, and St. James of Spain, who cut off the heads of Moors.

The Moors were used because it would have been murderous in the early days of the war to have thrown raw volunteers into the line. But now, the peasant and worker volunteers are far the greatest part of the army. And Franco has enormous reserves. He could arm hundreds of thousands of young men if he had the arms. Whole villages march in, like mediaeval levies. Indeed, as one looks at Spanish papers and talks to people who know Spain, one is in another world than ours—the world of Peter the Hermit. This is Crusade.

A-B-C of Banking

By STONEHAM B. FREDERICH

How to make money make money

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

Banks are just like butcher shops and grocery stores. The owners operate them for profit. They are subject to the supervision of the State or the National government, but the government does not own them.

Let us take the case of a small town, Stoneham Falls, which has been growing for some years but is without banking facilities. A number of citizens get together and decide that the town needs a bank. As they plan to start a State institution, they request the State Bank Commissioner to issue a charter to them.

The Commissioner makes an investigation to learn whether the town can support a bank. He also inquires into the honesty, ability and financial standing of the organizers who very probably will be the bank's first directors. If he is satisfied, the organizers then put up the money to start the institution. If there are ten organizers, each might put up \$8,000, making \$80,000 in all. Of this, \$50,000 might be called capital and \$30,000 surplus. When the Commissioner has proof that this money has all been paid in, he issues the new charter. The bank is thereupon au-

thorized to begin business, and its name is, let us say, "The First State Bank of Stoneham Falls."

The organizers, who in this case are also the first directors and the only stockholders, elect officers to carry on the work of the bank. Clerks are hired, quarters rented, new signs erected, and the doors opened with much presentation of flowers and front page stories in the Stoneham Falls Daily Journal.

The business transacted by the new bank will be along several lines. Some persons will open checking accounts by depositing money and receiving a check book in return. On these deposits the bank will pay no interest. Another service may be rendered in what is called the "Thrift Department" or some other such name. Customers making deposits in this department will receive a pass book in which all deposits and withdrawals will be entered. Interest will be paid on such deposits at one, two or three per cent a year.

Deposits might be called one-third of the general picture of the new bank. The others are investments and loans. If the bank is to pay interest on the thrift accounts, it must naturally have a source of

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec., 1937.

income. Furthermore, it will cost the institution a certain amount of money to maintain the checking accounts. While no interest is paid on checking deposits, there is book-keeping and other expenses involved in rendering this service.

The bank, therefore, takes part of the money which has been deposited with it and buys government bonds, bonds of the State of New York, bonds of certain railroads and one or two other kinds of bonds. As these securities usually pay from two to five per cent interest, the bank will have an income from its investments, providing it makes a wise selection of securities.

Another portion of the money on deposit will go into loans. The local lumber yard may need \$10,000 to buy lumber. The loan may be for 90 days and, as the yard should dispose of its shipment during that period, it will take in enough money to repay the loan to the bank and leave a profit for itself. The bank may charge the lumber yard 6% interest. For the period of 90 days, on \$10,000 this would amount to \$150. The lumber yard might be regarded as such a good risk that the loan is made without any security, i.e., on a promissory note signed by the officers of the lumber company.

One of the local grocers may not

be regarded as such a good risk and the bank will not extend to him an unsecured loan when he drops in and asks to borrow \$250 to send his son off to school. The cashier explains that he will be glad to lend Mr. Grocer the \$250 and take his note promising to pay in six months, but he would like Mr. Grocer to put up security. This security may be a batch of Government "Baby Bonds" which the grocer has had for some time but which he did not want to sell. He, therefore, turns over \$300 worth of these bonds to the cashier as a guarantee that he will repay his loan when it is due. If he fails to redeem his obligation on the due date, the cashier may sell the bonds to pay the note, or he may decide to give Mr. Grocer a little more time, which is called extending or renewing the loan. And, of course, the loan draws interest.

One of the town's physicians has been desirous of building a home for some time, but he does not have sufficient money. The home he has in mind would cost \$9,000 to build, and he has only \$3,000 in ready cash. On discussing the matter with the cashier of the bank, he learns that he can get a \$6,000 loan. He will, of course, have to pay 5½% interest on the loan, but he arranges to repay a certain amount to the bank each month, part of which will be

interest and part of which will be used to reduce the total of \$6,000 owed the bank. After 15 years of these payments, the loan will have been completely paid off and there will be no more interest to pay. And surprising as it may seem, the monthly payments amount to no more than the rent the doctor was paying before he moved into the new home.

Until the payments are completed, the bank holds a mortgage on the physician's home. The mortgage is security for the loan. If the doctor refuses to keep up his payments, the bank can take the home away from him. Such security is necessary, because the bank lends a large sum of its depositors' money to the doctor and it must make sure that it will get that money back.

The loan to the grocer, which enabled him to start his son in school, is called a personal loan. Like the commercial loan it was "short term" or for a relatively short period of time. The loan to the physician was a mortgage loan, made for a long period of time.

These are three of the principal types of loans made by banks: Commercial, personal and mortgage. There are a few other kinds, such as agricultural loans, but those mentioned are sufficient for our purpose.

We spoke of our little bank in

Stoneham Falls being chartered by the State Bank Commissioner because it was to be a State Bank. We have in this country what is known as the dual-system of banking, that is, a system of State Banks and a system of National Banks. In all, there are about 15,000 commercial banks in the United States. To make figures easy, we will say that 10,000 of these banks are State Banks, and 5,000 are National banks and have the word "National" in their corporate name, as in the case of "The First National Bank of Chicago."

National Banks and State Banks are essentially the same. The National banks are chartered by the Comptroller of the Currency in Washington and supervised by him. The State banks are chartered and supervised by the Bank Commissioner of the State in which they are organized to do business.

Although both classes of these banks are private institutions, they are regulated by the Federal government or by the States. Due to the fact that they take millions of dollars of the public's money and use it in the transaction of their business, they are deeply affected with a public interest. The public cannot look after the management of these institutions, so they rely upon the National and State authorities to safeguard their interests.

The supervision of existing institutions includes a body of law regulating the policies of banks, defining their powers and restricting them from engaging in unsafe practices. Examiners representing the Comptroller of the Currency, or the State Bank Commissioner, call on each bank at frequent intervals to determine its financial condition. They count the cash and investments, analyze the quality of investments, check all the important loans made, study the personnel and the policies of the management and determine whether all the requirements of law are complied with. They advise with the officers of the bank, and submit a comprehensive report to their superiors. If everything is not in proper shape, the Bank Examiner (in the case of a State institution) will call in the officers and directors and point out what needs to be done.

In some States and in the national system, the supervising authorities can remove bank officers and directors from office for continued violations of law or the continuance of unsound practices. While this rigorous remedy is seldom if ever used, it is a powerful factor in persuading bank officials to comply with the requirements of law.

Even though banks are well managed, business conditions some-

times do not permit them to operate profitably and they must go out of business. In other cases, due to bad management or dishonesty or other unforeseen factors, a bank fails. Such institutions are sometimes reorganized under one plan or another and allowed to reopen, and sometimes they are liquidated.

Liquidation does not mean that the depositors lose their money. Remember that a bank has a large part of its deposits invested in bonds and loans. These are all assets which belong ultimately to the depositors. It may take years to collect them or turn them into cash. As this is a gradual process, the depositors receive their money piece-meal, in what are called dividends. At least this was the procedure before the days of the FDIC, which will be explained shortly.

Sometimes a closed bank, over a period of years, will pay depositors and creditors 100 cents on the dollar. That does not mean it should never have been closed. This is a rather common misconception on the part of many persons.

At the time the bank was taken over by the public authorities it may have been in a thoroughly unsound condition, but by careful management over a period of years, the liquidator may succeed to collecting loans and selling bonds at good prices, thus making cash avail-

able to depositors. If there is any money left after the liquidation is completed, it goes to the stockholders or owners. You recall the ten organizers who put up the \$80,000 to start the bank of Stoneham Falls? Well, in the event that that bank is ever liquidated, the depositors must be paid in full before the stockholders can get back any part of their original investment.

While on this subject, mention should be made of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, or the FDIC, as it is commonly called. This corporation was organized by the Federal government in 1933 to insure bank deposits up to \$5,000. One of the factors causing banks to fail is lack of confidence on the part of depositors, who form endless lines at the bank's doors and demand their money. Now obviously, if a bank has two million dollars in deposits, it cannot repay all this money on any one day. Bonds cannot be sold in large blocks without loss, particularly in times of panic. Loans are made for a period of time and cannot be collected before maturity. Hence it is intrinsically impossible for a bank to pay back all of its deposits at one time. Yet whenever a bank cannot meet

the demands of its depositors, it must close its doors.

The principle of the FDIC is that each insured bank is assessed a certain small amount on its deposits annually for insurance. In return, the FDIC guarantees each bank deposit up to \$5,000. If a bank fails, the FDIC steps in and pays off each depositor in full, if his account amounts to less than \$5,000. It pays the sum of \$5,000 to each depositor who has more than that amount in the bank. In return the FDIC has a lien on, or takes over, certain assets of the bank and liquidates them gradually, thus getting its money back, or at least a large share of it. Amounts over \$5,000 are not necessarily lost, but the depositor must await the slower process of liquidation before he can get the rest of his money.

What many persons believe to be the principal virtue of the FDIC is this: Depositors knowing that they will be paid off, even if a bank is closed, will be in no hurry to demand their money. In other words, there will be no mad rush to get in line ahead of the rest of the depositors. If "runs" on banks can be eliminated, a principal cause of their failure will also be eliminated.

The Church of God is not a candle.
Blow on!

Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Montalembert

He was no Helot

By RAYMOND CORRIGAN, S. J.

Condensed from *The Fleur De Lis**

One hundred years ago, on the 19th of September, 1831, a young Frenchman, scion of the old nobility, stood before the House of Peers to conduct his own defense against the charge of having instructed French children in the faith of their fathers. In defiance of the University monopoly of all education, Charles Forbes René, Comte de Montalembert, had, with his friend, Henri Lacordaire, opened a private school and let it be known that they would test the Government promises of liberty and the validity of oppressive laws. The school was promptly closed and the schoolmasters arrested. The Liberals of the day clearly had their own way of interpreting the freedom of Frenchmen assured by the Charter. We are not interested in their travesty of liberty, nor in the high court's failure to be just. But there is inspiration in the career of a young man, who had adopted the tactics of Daniel O'Connell, to carry the war for justice and liberty into the stronghold of the enemies of religion.

At the time of the trial he was 21. He had just lost his father, and his boyish figure clothed in mourning accentuated the effect caused by

his courage and eloquence. The "criminals" were fined 100 francs, but they had gained a moral victory, and their campaign against tyranny was publicly announced.

The University monopoly had been created by Napoleon when at the height of his power in 1808. Education from top to bottom was made an instrument of autocracy. Academic degrees, without which no Frenchman could look for advancement in public life, were automatically denied to all who had not passed through the public schools. The monopoly was taken over by the Bourbon Restoration and partly catholicized. Then came the July Revolution of 1830, and the schools were radically de-christianized. Whatever else it meant, freedom of education meant freedom not for, but from, religion. Some relief was obtained in 1833, but it was only in 1850, after the fall of the Bourgeois Monarchy, that the monopoly was broken by the *loi Falloux*, which in justice to the lone crusader whose tireless efforts won the victory, should have been called the *loi Montalembert*.

The high point of the campaign was reached in 1844. The Peers of France, though still hostile to the

**St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo., Nov., 1937.*

ideas for which he stood, had learned to admire the fearless young champion who delighted in defending unpopular causes. The votes of the stolid old Chamber were dictated by the Ministry. But the fiery eloquence of Montalembert more than once melted their icy indifference. This was the case when he thrilled them with one of the finest flights: "We will not be Helots among a free people. We are successors of the martyrs and we will not tremble before the successors of Julian the Apostate; we are the sons of the crusaders and we will not recoil before the progeny of Voltaire."

Montalembert was born in London in 1810 and died in Paris in 1870. Those 60 eventful years had seen the fall of the Napoleonic Empire, the return of the Bourbons, the Revolution of 1830 and the July Monarchy, the Revolution of 1848 and the Second Empire. Revolutionary Liberalism had dominated the scene, counting the spread of Democracy in England and national unification of Germany and Italy among its triumphs. Catholic Emancipation had been won by O'Connell, and the Church had come to life in Germany. The martyr-pope, Pius IX, had suffered heroically for his stand against robbery of the Church and the distortion of truth. The *syllabus* and the

Vatican Council had condemned the bad philosophies of the period. On the whole the period provided an arena for the display of the many-sided talents of a Catholic layman like the Count de Montalembert.

He was consistently and persistently a crusader in the cause of Christ and the Church. He has been likened to a lone medieval knight in full armor, suddenly thrust into the materialist 19th century. Even those who thought his principles antiquated had respect for his prowess. But his principles were not antiquated. He was fighting for the future. He made mistakes, but they were the mistakes of a soldier who advances far into the enemy's country. When the positions he held proved untenable, he had the humility and the good sense to yield to the verdict of Rome.

No period of his life is without peculiar interest. As a boy of ten in his grandfather's library he began to equip his marvelous mind from the treasure-house of history. It was the beginning of an enduring love for Ireland and an admiration for British institutions. Thrown among the students of Sainte Barbe in Paris, he had practical experience of an infidel atmosphere where the faith of the young withered, where not "one boy in 20 had the courage

to be seen entering a Catholic Church." Associated with Lamennais and Lacordaire, he gave his whole soul to the amazing but brief campaign of *l'Avenir* and, in the name of liberty, challenged the educational tyranny of the Liberals. In the House of Peers he fought for the rights of Frenchmen, of Catholics, and of Humanity. Always with the minority, he loved the British idea of critical but loyal opposition to the Government. He constituted himself the "public prosecutor of oppression"; he never aligned himself with a victorious majority; he was always on the side of the weak, and he often stood alone. Poland, crushed under the nailed heel of the Czar, appealed to his chivalry. The wrongs of the Swiss Catholics as well as the outrages heaped on Pius IX called forth bursts of oratory that vibrated through the House of Peers and, after the fall of Louis Philippe, through the Chamber of Deputies. When his political career was closed he turned again to his study of the Middle Ages and produced his classic on the *Monks of the West*. Failing bodily health and prolonged suffering left his spirit strong to the end, and he died just before the national humiliation of 1870, which would have provided a last opportunity for an act of heroic Christian resignation.

Montalembert was a born aristocrat. But he was before all else a Catholic—*Catholique avant tout!* Half a century before Leo XIII's *Ralliement* he saw the danger and the utter futility of an alliance between the Church and the Royalist party. He did not want the Catholic Church tied to any political theory. Though France's most sincere champion of liberty, he opposed vigorously the attempt of his friend, Lacordaire, to commit the Church to the unreserved support of Democracy. And he was right. His English as well as his French family traditions, to say nothing of his intuitive knowledge of human nature, inspired his zeal for aristocratic institutions. But here again he was consistent. In pure politics he had his prejudices, but when religion was in question he was free from party interest. To him "freedom was dearer than anything else, but his Catholic faith was dearer than freedom itself."

Non-Catholics wonder at his attitude toward papal infallibility and his death-bed declaration of full submission to the dogma when it should be proclaimed. He had struggled long against increased centralization in the Church, but he struggled as a son dissuading a parent. There was never a thought of rebellion. He showed the same spirit, likewise, on an earlier occa-

Spain's First Soldier

In praise of Franco

By J. C. LEHANE, C. M.

Condensed from *The Vincentian**

Franco is a baby-killer. Franco is a coward. Franco has only a handful of Spanish troops to fight his battles and must depend for his victories on Germans, Italians, and Moors. Franco is a Fascist. Franco is an ambitious and scheming army officer attempting to destroy the legally constituted Spanish government which has the support of the Spanish people. Such is the picture of General Franco that his enemies have presented to the world at large.

But for the working classes there is even more subtle propaganda: Franco is a tool of the Capitalists, an enemy of the working man, a friend of the privileged classes such as landowners and grantees. Worse still, he is an ally of the clergy who stand with him for a return to all that was bad in the old regime. As a result of all these lies millions of people throughout the world have come to look upon General Franco as the ghost of the Grand Inquisitor come back to life determined to drive the Spanish people back into a state of medieval slavery and perhaps to restore His Most Catholic Majesty to the ancient, empty throne of Spain.

At the age of 14 Franco entered

the Spanish Infantry Academy where he studied things military for three years. At 17 he volunteered for service in Morocco. There he fought bravely, observed keenly, and studied deeply. At 20 he was a Captain. Shortly afterwards in battle, he was seriously wounded by a bullet passing through his stomach and grazing his lung. He recovered and was made a Commandant—aged 23. Five years later Franco learned that Colonel Millan Astray was forming a Spanish Foreign Legion and immediately offered his services. He was made second in command. The two men became close friends. Astray calls Franco the best strategist of the century and likes to quote his old friend, Lyautey, famed Marshal of France, as saying, "Franco is somebody who counts." When Franco returned from the Canary Islands in the summer of 1936 to lead the Revolt in Spain, Millan Astray was among the first to join him.

As second in command of the Spanish Foreign Legion, Franco was not at first very popular. The Legionnaires could not understand this grave young man who, instead of yielding to the temptations of life in Morocco, shut himself up in his

*1605 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo., Nov., 1937.

room to read and study. But they soon found out that a fight, with Franco leading, meant for the most part a quick victory with small loss of men. For his part in conquering an important outpost, Franco had been awarded by the King with the Military Medal which is one of the highest awards the Spanish Army had to offer. As a result of this, of course, his choice as commanding officer of the Legion was popular with the men. Under his leadership Spanish Morocco was gradually pacified and in 1926, at the age of 34, Francisco Franco was given his second Military Medal and made a Brigadier General.

His work in Morocco finished, Franco returned to Spain. He was married now and the father of a baby daughter. About this time a new military academy for the training of cadets was opened at Saragossa and Franco was appointed to take charge of it.

Then the new Government dealt him a crushing blow. It dissolved his academy at Saragossa and left him with nothing to do. The Republic had apparently considered him its enemy. But successive governments of the none too stable Republic were forced from time to time to call on Franco to suppress a rebellion here and to deal with an outbreak there. Once when the Catholic leader, Gil Robles, was

Minister of War, Franco became head of the Spanish Army. Finally after the notorious elections of February, 1936, when the Radicals seized power, Franco was sent off to the Canary Islands. It was from there he returned to lead the present revolt.

First of all Franco wants a strong central government supported by the army. This is necessary in view of the large number of political parties that are a plague to Spain. He wants the curse of Communism driven from the land. He wants to protect the family and religion. He wants to reform those abuses which were the cause of so much trouble in Spain. In his own words, "Do not expect us to defend the privileged classes. We shall govern in favor of the middle class and the poor. The workers have nothing to fear from us."

In a broadcast on January 19, 1937 Franco declared, "This new Spain will represent a great national family, one without masters or vassals, without poor or potentate. Social justice will be the basis of our new Empire."

The new Spain of Franco will not have any official religion, but a Concordat with the Vatican will be arranged as soon as possible. In the same speech as quoted above and delivered on January 19, 1937 Franco gives his attitude toward religion:

"In the order of religion, to the angry persecution of the Marxist and the Communist we set up the sentiment of Catholic Spain with her saints and martyrs, with her secular institutions, her social justice, her Christian charity and that great comprehensive soul which, in the Golden Ages of our history when a vigorous and deep-rooted Catholicism was the reconstructing arm of our historic unity, suffered, under the tolerant guardianship of the Catholic State, the mosques and the synagogues to be gathered within the soul of Catholic Spain."

From out of the mists of mis-

representation, then, there emerges a Franco who is a brilliant military leader, a strong character, a hard worker, a deep student of his country's needs, and a champion of the Catholic Faith. As once another Spaniard, Don Jon of Austria, broke the power of the Turk over Europe, so now Francisco Franco is striving valiantly to stop the advance of Communists. It should be the prayer of Catholics everywhere that he be successful and that he may erect in Spain a government worthy of its gallant history, a history in which the Catholic Church played so large and so glorious a part.



"Christianity has not failed," said Chesterton, "because it has not been tried." Christianity has not been tried because people thought that it was not practical and men have tried everything except Christianity. Everything that men have tried has failed, and to fail in everything that man tries is not considered practical by the so-called practical people. So, the so-called practical people will begin to be practical when they start to practice the Christianity they profess to believe in."

Peter Maurin in *The Catholic Worker* (Nov. 1937).



"How can men be brothers if they have no common Father? And how can there be brotherliness among men if they are not brothers?"

The Light of the East (Oct. 1937).



The more we know the more we realize all that still remains to be known, and how little we really do know. So too it is with the great saints: the more good they do, the more keenly they realize the amount of good that still remains to be done.

Garrigou-LaGrange.

One Literary Fold

By EDWARD B. O'NEILL

Condensed from the *Manhattan Quarterly**

Mr. Lionel Trilling's essay on Willa Cather, in *After the Genteel Tradition*, contains this observation: "Something in American life seems to prevent the perfection of success while it produces a fascinating kind of search or struggle, usually unavailing, which we may observe again and again in the collected works and in the biographies of our writers."

This is particularly true of contemporary fiction and biography. In fiction, we have the author's attempt to find his own way out into the light; in biography, we have the author tracing someone else's spiritual wanderings. In both we are witnessing the writers' attempt to keep their heads above the rising tide of materialism.

As far back as 1915 Mr. Van Wyck Brooks had this to say: "The future of our literature and art depends on the wholesale reconstruction of a social life, all the elements of which are as if united in a sort of conspiracy against the growth and freedom of the spirit." And somewhere else, speaking of the need for a new social ideal, he says: "On the economic plane, this implies socialism; on every other plane it implies something which a ma-

jority of Americans in our day certainly do not possess—an object in living."

The reason for this spiritual lack is well known. America was reacting logically enough to the continued growth of its industrialism. Big business was getting bigger and rougher. Strikes and political intrigue were rampant. And American writers were writing about it, and were becoming an influence.

The young writers of the time were tired of the bloodless, unreal literature of the older generation. Dreiser managed to have his *Jennie Gerhardt* published after its initial suppression. Along came Edgar Lee Masters to expose the skeleton in the closet in his *Spoon River Anthology*. Later came Carl Sandburg with his big city realism. The panic was on, and the surge was definitely towards realism of the most raucously realistic sort. Life had lost its pattern in the shuffle. Across the Atlantic, Freud was trying to find that pattern in sex, and his "findings" were relayed to America and American morality was still further buffeted.

Suddenly the World War was at America's doorstep and America had crossed the threshold to meet it.

**Manhattan College, N. Y. C., Autumn, 1937.*

Into the ambulance service went such men as Hemingway, Dos Passos, and Cummings, who were later to give us the bitter, realistic portrayals of their war experiences: again the influence of the new literary movement, for America ran wild after the war. Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* is one of the bitterest books of the post-war period. The attitude of the French liberals was finding its replica in America. This just about completed the disintegration of American social and spiritual life.

The reaction set in. American writers were personalizing the search to find a way out of the spiritual morass. Their novels assumed more and more the aspect of social documents. This movement was the adumbration of the sociological tendencies of our contemporary fiction, especially proletarian fiction. As Malcolm Cowley notes, "Most of the tendencies discussed in 1937—proletarian fiction, Marxian criticism, the revulsion against moral laxness, the search for new values . . . were foreshadowed in the books and deeds of 1929."

There are some who think that Communism may be the goal that they have been searching for. Thus we are having at present a deluge of proletarian novels, exalting the laboring class and vilifying the capitalists. Here again we have

spiritual wandering on a grand scale. For Communism is a sort of religion that will attain its goal only after an orgy of violence and bloodshed. It is the religion of equality, and the State is its god. It is the religion of sacrifice, the sacrifice of the rights of man; but in particular it is the sacrifice of a human offering, the capitalist.

However, the significant note is this: contemporary writers are getting weary of their long search. That they should see in Communism a Utopia beyond their wildest fancies is not in itself remarkable. For Communism is just such a Utopia, at least in theory. And when one is tired, one does not wish to face facts.

But Communism is only one harbor. The other one is Catholicism. Yet Catholicism does not profess to be a Utopia. It merely offers a sane manner of living, and social and spiritual comfort to the weary.

Some of our contemporary artists have recognized this fact. Two have lately wandered towards the solacing portals of Catholicism. I mean Eugene O'Neill and T. S. Eliot, whose latest achievements, *Days Without End*, and *Murder in the Cathedral*, respectively, have revealed a trend towards the Catholic way of life. This is not to say that they will plunge unreservedly into Catholicism, nor is it to say that

they fully comprehend the secret, the solace, the rigorous discipline of the Catholic faith. But at least they seem vaguely to have felt the quiet strength that attaches to Catholic doctrine.

It is difficult to say whether or not this latest attitude of O'Neill and Eliot will establish their latest works as their best. That they are better in form is undeniable; but whether or not they are more intensely moving, is disputable. The intense conflict, and in some cases the total lack of conflict due to the hopeless despair of the earlier work, is more calculated to attract the pity of the average reader for the plight of these spiritual *deracines*. Having achieved a certain spiritual calm in their latest efforts, it is just barely possible that they may have erred slightly on the side of sentimentality, perhaps through their desire to believe in what they have found.

Eugene O'Neill and T. S. Eliot are only two of the contemporary writers whom it will be interesting to watch. There are scores of others who have not found even

the little peace that has been afforded O'Neill and Eliot. The spiritual wanderings of these, too, should be our concern. "Other sheep I have. . . ." Christ our Lord said. Now we can see them roving aimlessly about in search for a place to graze. Perhaps *some* of them will find it, finally, in the Catholic Church. But as a group, the spiritual wanderers will never find it, for that "something in American life" continues to thwart the perfection of success.

With all its defects, contemporary literature is a fascinating reflection of the contemporary scene. It is more than a reflection: it is the actual picture of a materialistic society whirling towards its logical conclusion. But there still remains the hope that our better social criticism may yet lead us away from the impending crash; and that a truly Catholic criticism will bring about the birth of the new cultural ideal. Then, perhaps, those "other sheep" may find their spiritual wanderings terminated in the one fold under one shepherd.

They Make Money

Those who direct the European revolution from Moscow are not, for the most part, Russians. Their main strength lies in their having complete control of all the wealth that can be drawn from an enslaved population of over 160 millions. Therefore, for the first time, a complete social revolution has behind it funds on a sufficient scale to propagate its cause throughout the world.

G. K.'s Weekly (4 Nov. '37).

Industrial Peace

Michigan's Governor talks sense

By FRANK MURPHY

Condensed from *The Christian Front**

The story of violence in American industrial relations is old and familiarly sordid. We all know about the miniature civil war that armed troops and miners waged at Ludlow; about the savagery of the massacre at Herrin, about Haymarket and Bisbee and all the other bloody and tragic battles that have been fought down to the year 1937. Through the whole story stands out, like a thorn in the side of humanity, the utterly hopeless, demoralizing futility of the whole philosophy of force.

The minority elements on the side of labor that espouse the methods of violence in enforcing their demands excuse themselves with the argument that the persistent failure of capital to grant wage and hour concessions leaves them no alternative. But recent industrial history has proved beyond a doubt that labor has a far more potent, more effective, and more intelligent weapon than force. That weapon, of course, is the power that is born of unity and wielded through the rational, orderly procedure of collective bargaining. We must effectively establish this right in the interests of industrial peace in every state in the Union.

Employers who resort to physical coercion justify their course with the easy alibi that the workmen are unreasonable, that it is impossible to establish contractual relations with them, and that they must therefore, be coerced and intimidated. Out of a feeling of righteousness that so often develops into a consciousness of power, and somewhat like the persons who at one time believed it perilous to give the masses education, they say that labor "must be put in its place."

Government that suppresses labor unrest by strong arm tactics explains its action with the superficial, self-righteous fiction that men must be taught to "respect" authority, even if the price is a broken head or two, or perhaps a few fatalities.

Because it refused to drag the strikers from the plants to the accompaniment of machine gun fire, the government of Michigan has been the object of a variety of accusations. It has been sneered at as "supine" and "cowardly," charged with being an abettor of Communism, and accused of being guided by political ambition.

As a last resort government may properly use, and in this emergency

*1373 Teller Ave., New York City, Nov., 1937.

was prepared to use, whatever force might be required to maintain its authority. But the government of Michigan was unwilling to employ force unnecessarily to dignify the law. In each case it chose to place above a rigid and arbitrary insistence on legal formalities and respect for property rights the duty to find, if possible, a peaceful and just solution of the controversy without sacrifice of human life or public authority. It is my conviction that this humane and courageous restraint in the use of force, while discussion and persuasion were producing peace without bloodshed and lasting rancor, eventually has strengthened rather than weakened government and the law.

A consideration less obvious but of prime importance in its implications for society is the fact that these results were accomplished

through the help and guidance of a government that served no faction, no group, but only the public which government was originally created to serve. The armed forces which the government placed on the scene were there not as strike-breakers, nor as agents of the strikers themselves. They were there as servants of the people to protect the interests of the whole public by preserving that peace and order which the public had a right to expect and demand.

The present situation in industrial relations presents an incomparable opportunity for enlightened government to show its worth. A proper appreciation of the forces involved, a proper understanding of the issues in the conflict will show that the peaceful way is the right way in industrial relations between nations.

Illustration

I do not know if the following anecdote was born in Italy or Germany; it circulates in both countries, passed from mouth to mouth, but only between people who know each other well, and in great secrecy.

"Daddy," asks a small boy, "what is the difference between Socialism, Communism and Fascism?"

"It's like this, son, we have four cows in our cow-house. Socialism will take two from us, for the community."

"Then we have two left."

"Communism takes all four, and pays you a wage for the work you do."

"Where do the cows go?"

"They go to make up a bigger herd. Well, Fascism leaves you all four cows, but it does all the milking."

Luigi Sturzo in *The Commonweal* (16 April '37).

The Diary of a Country Priest

A pastor looks at himself and others

By GEORGES BERNANOS

Excerpts from the book

Mine is a parish like all the rest. They're all alike. Those of to-day I mean. I was saying so only yesterday to M. le Curé de Norenfontes—that good and evil are probably evenly distributed, but on such a low plain, very low indeed!

My parish is bored stiff; no other word for it. Like so many others! We can see them being eaten up by boredom, and we can't do anything about it. Some day perhaps we shall catch it ourselves—become aware of the cancerous growth within us. You can keep going a long time with that in you.

Our superiors are no longer official optimists. Those who still profess the rule of hope, teach optimism only by force of habit, without believing in what they say. You need only raise the mildest objection and you find them wreathed in knowing deprecating smiles; they beg you to spare them. Old priests are not taken in. For in spite of appearances, provided you use the same official terms—terms which are in any case hard and fast—the themes which inspire official eloquence are no longer the same, and our elders would never be able to recognize them. For instance, time was when according to secular tradi-

tion a bishop's sermon had always to end with a prudent hint—full of conviction indeed, yet prudent—of coming persecution and the blood of the martyrs. Nowadays these prophecies are becoming far more rare, probably because their realization seems less uncertain.

I went to see the Curé de Torcy yesterday. He's a good priest, very efficient, but I usually find him somewhat uninspiring, for he comes of well-to-do peasant stock, knows the value of money, and always manages to impress me with his worldly experience.

I know very little about furniture, but his bedroom seemed luxurious to me: a massive mahogany bedstead, a wardrobe with three heavily carved doors, armchairs upholstered in plush, and a big bronze statue of Joan of Arc on the mantelpiece. But M. le Curé de Torcy was certainly not out to show off all this. He took me straight into the next room—a bare little room with nothing in it but a table and a *prie-dieu*. On the wall a rather hideous oleograph, like those one sees in hospital wards, of a very rosy chubby Holy Child lying between the ox and the ass.

"See that picture," he said. "My

The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City. 1937. 298 pp., \$2.75

godmother gave it to me. I could well afford something a bit better, more artistic, you know, but I'd sooner have that. It's ugly and it's rather stupid, and that sets me at rest.

"My Holy Child is too much of a baby to be very taken up with music or books. And I should think He'd probably start to bellow at folk who'd stand around casting their eyes up to heaven instead of bringing fresh straw for his ox, or giving the ass a rub-down."

"Bring fresh straw for the ox, give the ass a rub-down." These words came back into my mind this morning as I sat peeling potatoes for my soup. The town-clerk came in unexpectedly behind my back, and I jumped off my chair without having had a chance to get rid of the peelings. I felt idiotic. Still, he was bringing me good news: the municipal council has agreed to have my well dug, which will save me the franc a week I pay the choir-boy who fetches my water every day. All the same I ought to have had a word with him about that new cabaret of his; the latest idea is to arrange a dance for Thursdays and Sundays—he calls the Thursday one a "family hop," and even gets little girls from the factory to go: the boys think it rather a joke to make them drunk.

Somehow I hadn't the pluck.

He has a way of looking at me and smiling, on the whole quite a pleasant sort of smile, encouraging me to go on talking as though it were a foregone conclusion that nothing I could ever say would be of any consequence.

I had been looking forward to some consolation in teaching the children the penny catechism, and in preparing them for private Holy Communion, as recommended by that saintly Pope, Pius X. And even now, whenever I hear their chattering voices in the churchyard, and the tapping of all those little iron-shod sabots, my heart seems to swell with tenderness. *Sinite parvulos*. . . I used to dream of telling them, in the childish speech which comes back to my mind so easily, all those things that I must keep to myself and couldn't possibly say in the pulpit where I have been so warned against imprudence. Oh, I shouldn't have said too much . . . But I felt so proud to be called on to speak with them differently, to get away from vulgar factions and civic rights, and those dreadful object-lessons, which are indeed *object lessons* and nothing more. And besides, I was free at last from that strange, almost morbid nervousness which I suppose every young priest experiences when certain phrases or similes come to his lips: a fear of

mockery, of equivocations, withering up all our inspiration, so that we naturally stick to austere theological doctrine expressed in words so trite and hackneyed as to be certain of shocking nobody, and so colorless that at least they have the advantage of making the listener too bored to attempt any satirical comment. Too often one would suppose, to hear us talk, that we Catholics preached a Spiritualists' Deity, some vague kind of Supreme Being in no way resembling the Risen Lord we have learnt to know as a marvellous and living friend, who suffers our pain, takes joy in our happiness, will share our last hour and receive us into His arms, upon His heart.

Just three months to-day since my appointment to this parish of Ambricourt. Already three months. . . . This morning I prayed hard for my parish, my poor parish, my first and perhaps my last, since I ask no better than to die here. My parish! The words can't even be spoken without a kind of soaring love. But as yet the idea behind them is so confused. I know that my parish is a reality, that we belong to each other for all eternity; it is not a mere administrative fiction, but a living cell of the everlasting Church. But if only the good God would open my eyes and unseal my ears, so that I might

behold the face of my parish and hear its voice. Probably that is asking far too much. The face of my parish! The look in the eyes. . . . They must be gentle, suffering patient eyes. I feel they must be rather like mine when I cease struggling and let myself be borne along in the great invisible flux that sweeps us all, helter-skelter, the living and the dead, into the deep waters of Eternity. And those would be the eyes of all Christianity, of all parishes—perhaps of the poor human race itself. Our Lord saw them from the Cross. "Forgive them for they know not what they do."

(It occurred to me that I might make use of this passage, touching it up a bit, for my Sunday sermon. But the *eyes of my parish* provoked a general smile and I stopped short in the middle of a sentence with a most definite feeling of play-acting. And yet God knows I was sincere enough. But thoughts which have stirred our hearts too deeply are always in some way troubled and confused. I know the Dean of Torcy would have scolded me. After mass M. le Comte remarked in his funny rather nasal voice, "You certainly were moved to eloquence." I wished the earth could have opened and swallowed me.)

Yesterday I heard confessions. I began first with the boys. May our Lord love and protect these

little ones! Anyone but a priest would be sent to sleep by the sound of their droning voices, too often a mere repetition of phrases, picked out of the prayer-book Examination of Conscience and mumbled over every time. And if he were really out to understand, and questioned them at random from sheer curiosity, I don't think he could avoid being disgusted. Such scarcely veiled animality! But after all. . .

What do we know of sin? Geologists teach us that the very ground which seems so solid is in reality only a thin film over an ocean of liquid fire, for ever trembling like the skin on milk about to boil. How far down would one need to dig to rediscover the blue depths?

The first half of my programme is on the way to being achieved. I have undertaken to visit each family once every three months at least. My colleagues consider this excessive, and indeed such a promise will be hard to keep, since first and foremost I must not neglect a single duty. People who set themselves up to judge us from some remote distance, sitting in a comfortable office where they do the same routine tasks every day, cannot begin to realize how "untidy," how scattered our daily work can be. We can barely manage our ordinary parochial round, the kind of

thing which—when it is strictly carried out—makes a superior exclaim: "There's a nice well-kept parish!" There remains the unforeseen. And the unforeseen is never negligible. Am I where Our Lord would have me be? Twenty times a day I ask this question. For the Master whom we serve not only judges our life but shares it, takes it upon Himself. It would be far easier to satisfy a geometrical and moralistic God.

This morning the governess came to confession. I happen to know that her regular confessor is my colleague, the Curé de Heuchin, but I could not refuse her a penitent. Those people who think the Sacrament gives us instant power to read the hidden places of a soul are indeed credulous! If only we could ask them to try for themselves! Used as I am to the confessions of simple seminary students, I still cannot manage to understand what horrible metamorphosis has enabled so many people to show me their inner life as a mere convention, a formal scheme without one clue to its reality. I should imagine that once they have ceased to be adolescents, few Catholics go in mortal sin to communion. It's so easy not to go to communion at all. But there are worse things. Petty lies can slowly form a crust around the consciousness, of evasion and sub-

terfuge. The outer shell retains the vague shape of what it covers, but that is all. In time, by sheer force of habit, the least "gifted" end by evolving their own particular idiom, which still remains incredibly abstract. They don't hide much, but their sly candour reminds one of a dirty window-pane, so blurred that light has to struggle through it, and nothing can be clearly seen.

What then remains of confession? It barely skims the surface of conscience. I don't say dry rot has set in underneath; it seems more like petrification.

Yes, I pray badly and not enough. Almost every day after mass I have to interrupt my act of thanksgiving to see some parishioner—usually ailing and asking for medicine. Fabregarques, my classmate at the junior seminary, now a chemist somewhere near Montreuil, often sends me samples of patent cures. It appears this competition annoys the headmaster who alone used to perform these small services.

How hard it is to avoid offending somebody! And however hard you try, people seem less inclined to use goodwill to their advantage, than unconsciously eager to set one goodwill against another. Inconceivable sterility of souls—what is the cause of it?

Truly, man is always at enmity with himself—a secret sly kind of

hostility. Tares, scattered no matter where, will almost certainly take root. Whereas the smallest seed of good needs more than ordinary good fortune, prodigious luck, not to be stifled.

This morning I found among my letters one bearing the Boulogne postmark, written on a cheap squared notepaper of the kind usually kept in workmen's cafes. It was unsigned: "A well-wisher advises you to apply for a change of parish. And the sooner the better. When at last you open your eyes to what everyone else can see so plain, you'll sweat blood! Sorry for you but we say again: 'Get out!'"

What can be the meaning of this? Why should anyone be so anxious for me to leave?

It is hard to measure the depths of puerility of those the word describes as "serious men!" An inexplicable, truly supernatural puerility! Although I am only a young priest, I can't help smiling, sometimes. . . . And how kind, how indulgent they are to us! An Arras solicitor to whom I ministered on his deathbed, a man of considerable standing, a former senator, one of the richest men in the whole country, said to me once—apparently by way of apology for the touch of a quite benevolent scepticism with which he received my exhortations:

"Yes, yes, father, I quite under-

stand. I used to feel just as you do yourself. I was very pious. Why, when I was a lad of 11 nothing on earth would have persuaded me to go to sleep without having said my three "Hail Marys"—and I even made myself say them all in one breath. Otherwise it might have been unlucky. At least that's how

I felt about it at the time." . . .

He supposed that was the point at which I had stuck, that we poor priests all stick at 11 years old. Finally, on the day before he died, I heard his confession. What could be said of it? Nothing much. A "solicitor's life" could most times be expressed in very few words. . . .

Rice vs Confetti

Outside Holy Rood Church (England) is this notice for wedding-goers:

Rice is the symbol of prosperity and fecundity. It is white, clean, and sprightly; confetti is volatile and sticky, the symbol of frivolity and light-headedness. Rice symbolizes a home that is easily garnished and swept; confetti symbolizes a home that obstinately refuses to be cleaned.

Rice is life; confetti is dead paper. Rice is food and the augury of a full larder and a fragrant kitchen; confetti is dirt or matter out of place, the symbol of canned and tinned food, that fills and does not feed. Rice is the seed of flower and food, the token of peace and plenty; confetti is the seed of nothing, except an angry sweeper. Rice argues smiles; confetti argues frowns. Rice is made by God who made weddings; confetti is made by machines which made unemployment.

SO

Here is a packet of rice for the wedding, and let confetti be banned.

1. Confetti savours of boys and a paper chase; but why waste it now that the chase is over, and the hare is caught?
2. Rice is cheaper than confetti.
3. It only ceased to be used when the Great War exigencies forbade such use of food.
4. It sweeps up easily.
5. It feeds the birds.
6. Its sting reminds the happy couple that there is no rose without a thorn.

(London) Universe.

This Popular Front

Avid for dominion

By MICHAEL O'NEILL

Condensed from *Hibernia**

What is this Popular Front about which there has been so much vague talk for the past couple of years? Is it just a new type of coalition Government?

Indefinite references in newspaper reports might lead one to some such conclusion, but the reality is very different. The Popular Front is the new aim of world Communism, officially adopted at the 7th Congress of the Communist International in August, 1936. The Communist International is the official Communist world organization with headquarters in Moscow and branches in practically every country of the world. The simplest way of getting an idea of its purpose in establishing the 'Popular Front' movement is by studying the plan of campaign outlined by the Secretary General of its Executive Committee, George Dimitroff, Bulgarian Bolshevik, at the 7th Congress.

The fundamental condition for a Popular Front movement, which Dimitroff stresses, is that it must be a *class* movement. It must consist of all, and only of, organizations of the working class "united in an offensive army against capitalism and Facism." "It requires for its

existence a strong revolutionary party which will know how to direct the movement of the masses," that is to say, it needs to be directed by the Communist Party. And this united action of the proletariat "has the support of the ever-increasing power of the proletariat State of the land of Socialism, the Soviet Union." This directing Communist Party, as Dimitroff boasted to the Congress, is not to be counted by its numerical strength in any particular country, but by its united strength throughout the world, especially in that 6th part of the globe in which it has triumphed and now governs.

The Communists should entice all other workers' parties into the Popular Front, Dimitroff instructs them, by stressing the world peril of Fascism and the necessity of overthrowing the power of Capitalism. But he continues: "Naturally, the Communists cannot and should not leave off for a moment their distinctive and independent work of communist education and organization of the masses."

One of the most important objects of the Popular Front is the setting up of the Popular Front in politics. Dimitroff says that the

**Plas Elle*, 7, *Ath Cliath*, Ireland. Nov., 1937.

prime necessity for this is a complete break with the parties of the middle class—the class war is to be stressed in politics as well as in industry. The middle-class power must be broken, he says, and the need must be realized for the pursuance of the revolution until the dictatorship of the proletariat in the form of soviets is established. For this happy end the Party must be based on what Mr. Dimitroff euphemistically describes as “democratic centralism,” which ensures “unity of will and action, and has been proved by the experience of the Russian Bolsheviks.”

This Popular Front government, Mr. Dimitroff hastens to explain, is not an end in itself nor a stable form of government. It is a transition, a method of getting closer to the proletarian revolution, ensuring as it does, the overthrow of the power of the middle class and the establishment of all power in the hands of the workers, thus leaving the way open for the next step, Russian dictatorship. For the proletariat does not rebel of its own accord, but must be driven on by a centrally organized Party, sufficiently daring to rouse the workers to fight for power, sufficiently expert to turn everything towards the desired end.

The above outline of the purpose of the Popular Front, otherwise

known as the United Front movement, leaves little doubt as to its actual purpose and intention. It is an authoritative explanation of its aims, for the outline is taken entirely from the addresses made by Dimitroff at the 7th Congress of the Communist International. It is neither more or less than the latest Communist strategy to spread the Russian dictatorship throughout the world.

Nowadays the feeling is widely spread that there has been a change of heart in Russia, and that Stalin has so far compromised with other governments that he has ceased official propaganda outside Russia. This feeling, carefully fostered by the Communists, is quite without foundation. He has changed his methods but his intention remains unchanged. “This Congress” to quote Dimitroff again, “has been the Congress of the complete triumph of the unity of the proletariat of the Soviet Union, with the proletariat of the world of Capitalism, which is still fighting for its emancipation. The triumph of Socialism in Russia provokes a powerful movement towards world-wide proletarian revolution for which the Soviet Union acts as a base of operation.”

Popular Front tactics are seen in Spain and France, where they bore from within by joining up with anything that will have them.

Ex-Orthodox

By ARCHIMANDRITE BARNABAS SKIUHUSHU

Condensed from *The Voice of the Church**

Open letter of a Russian priest

In June, 1932, I wrote a detailed account to the Archbishop stating the reasons for my submission to the Patriarch of Rome, His Holiness Pope Pius XI.

One of the reasons I mentioned was that the Russian Church was and still is a purely national (not universal) Church, since the Czar or Czarina (Catherine II, for instance) have always been *de jure* and *de facto* its head. Anyone can see how helpless the Russian Church is at present without the help of the Czar. There are so many jurisdictions and autocephalous Churches; and even within each jurisdiction endless dissensions. The same thing may be said of all the other National Orthodox Churches. Can one really call them one Church and mean it?

I believe it is not merely a historical fact but also a Providential occurrence that from the time of the excommunicated Patriarch Cerullarius, the separated Eastern Churches were unable to assemble in one single Common Synod, although nowadays it should have been much easier to do so than it had been centuries ago. Up to the time of Cerullarius there were eight

Ecumenical Councils; the last one, that of Constantinople IV, which took place in 869, was rejected by the Patriarch Cerullarius, although it was recognized as Ecumenic by the East and the West for two centuries.

As an American, I have no national prejudices. Yet, I do not think a Russian should say that the true Church of Christ is the Russian Church, for the simple reason that he and his nation belong to it; this is against the principles of all Christianity. Hence I had no difficulty in grasping the full meaning of the words of Our Lord: "And I say to thee: Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." I know of Russian lay-professors (with degrees from Protestant universities) and Russian Bishops (their students), who use for this text an interpretation of their own, leaving out the first part thereof. These bishops and professors are unknown personages in the great history of Christianity, but they are *now* referred to as not being able to hold their flock together.

Under these circumstances, who

*St. Procopius Abbey, Lisle, Ill., Oct., 1937.

is going to blame me if I follow the interpretation given these words of Our Lord by St. Basil the Great, St. John Chrysostom, St. Theodore the Studite, and other famous and real Orthodox Fathers of the Church.

Another reason for my submission to the Universal Church was the endless fighting between the laity, priests and bishops of the different Orthodox jurisdictions. There I saw that the Russian Church lacks the distinctive character of the real Church of Christ, as stated in John XIII, 35: "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love one for another."

I am American. In fact, as far as I know, I am the only American

who came from the Russian Church to the Catholic Church. In the last few years there have been about 20 Russian priests who have joined the Catholic Church; these, however, were not American, but Russian clergy.

I am not condemning the Russian Church which I left. I have a great love for it and hope it also will soon join the true Catholic Church. I pray daily for the late Archbishop Apollinary who ordained me to the holy Priesthood; and I pray for all other Russian clergy that they may find unity. I am not writing against any members of the Russian hierarchy, but I pray for them, so that they may see the light and abandon their harmful separation and schism.

Priest in Disguise

Ten years ago in Mexico he was an outlaw—hunted, seized and put to death without trial. In the Catholic Church today he is a candidate for beatification. Such is the turn of events in the history of Father Miguel Augustin Pro, of the Society of Jesus, who was martyred for the Faith during the religious persecutions in Mexico, on November 23, 1927.

Those in Mexico who knew him personally will remember how he used to parade the streets, dressed in a well tailored gray suit, before the very eyes of the secret agents assigned to capture him. They will recall with amusement, how often he outwitted his pursuers whenever he seemed to be within their grasp; how, if he were caught and thrown into prison, he always managed by his ready wit to escape. Though he knew what would happen to him when Calles finally caught up with him, he had no desire to remain in hiding. Warned by others that death was certain to follow his capture, he would say, "In that case prepare to send me your petitions when I am in Heaven."

Edward Janusz in *The Cantian*.

Hollywood Biography

It holds up an eccentric mirror

By THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

Condensed from *America**

Recently I was startled to hear the representative of a rural library service declare that the two books most in demand at the moment were *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *The Life of Emile Zola*. It was a galvanizing reminder that motion pictures, along with doing literature an occasional service, are doing innumerable innocent readers a grave disservice. An interest in the career of Zola might conceivably end with the perusal of his biography. But the current film based on his life is such a blatant example of the biography of hero worship that it may well provide an incentive for going further. For how many people can be filled with enthusiasm for a man and have no wish to read what he has written? The resuscitation of Zola and his works, which had settled to their appropriate level on the counters of cheap-jack mongers of lurid literature, can and must be credited to the motion picture, whatever the distinction is worth.

The question of Zola's screen treatment is part of a larger question still. There is good reason to suspect that the recent biographies emanating from Hollywood are, consciously or unconsciously, anti-

Catholic, or, at the least, indifferent to truth and accuracy. There seems to be no aim to produce an honest biography, perhaps for the reason that the natural limitations of the screen make this impossible. Complex characters are virtually unknown in the movies and, since the medium is still black and white in more than one sense, historical figures appear in one color or the other, depending upon public sentiment or prejudice. Hollywood has fallen heir to the kind of biography which has not held a serious place in literature since Lytton Strachy's time. Hence those personages, who have been garlanded in the popular imagination by the Arthur Brisbane system of mass education, get better than a square deal. Take the case of a man named Voltaire. Whether justly or not, he stands as a symbol of atheism and anti-Catholicism and, by canonizing the man and all his works, the movies have added strength to the free-thinker's jibes. The popular picture of Voltaire now is of a humorous, kindly and righteous old gentleman who looks somewhat like George Arliss.

In his screen "biography," Cardinal Richelieu was an intriguing

*329 W. 108th St., New York City, Nov. 27, 1937.

combination of Machiavelli, Houdini and Robin Hood. But to choose a more pretentious and subtle example of Hollywood distortion, consider the attempted biography of Pasteur. If we are to be grateful for small favors, the subject was accorded the favor of the scenarist. What sort of biography was it, however, which left audiences with the impression that Pasteur was a materialistic scientist with supreme faith in the all-seeing Microscope, rather than a man who wished, with each increase of scientific knowledge, for the simple Faith of a Breton peasant? Was there any vestige of Catholicism about the man, and can you portray a man in the round and omit all reference to his religion? It may be argued that any show of Catholicism would have limited its appeal, perhaps aroused resentment among those liberals who objected to the prominence of a priest in the innocuous film, *San Francisco*. A sad

commentary on American tolerance! And yet Richelieu, painted as a holy mountebank, a political opportunist, was shown in the very act of saying Mass. The unsavory characters of *The Plough and the Stars* were shown on the steps of the Church shortly after they had engaged in a brawl in a Dublin pub. There is no hesitancy, it would seem, in putting the Catholic brand on the goats of Hollywood biography; there is great fear, however, lest the lamb appear in the true fold.

What scabrous literary reputation is next to be enhanced by the estimable Paul Muni? Anatole France has been mentioned. But surely this cynical atheist, this apologist for Marx and Lenin, this esthetic voluptuary is not sainted enough for the celluloid accolade. Any student of Gallic eroticism could suggest a worthier choice. Baudelaire, perhaps; or the inimitable Marquis de Sade.



New Zealander in Paris

The International Exposition at Paris contains two pavilions—one that of Nazi Germany with its high square tower, a sort of modern bastion; and opposite that of Soviet Russia surmounted by a colossal group holding high the sickle and hammer. Dominating them is a gilded campanile, 213 feet high, elevating against the sky a statue of the Blessed Virgin—the campanile of the Pontifical Virgin. A double arcade surmounted by a cross serves as a portico. Across the front portico reads the following inscription: *stat crux dum volvitur orbis*. (The cross stands as long as the earth turns).—*Zealandia* (New Zealand).

Portrait of a man after an education

Henry Adams

By JAMES BRODRICK

Condensed from *The Month**

Henry Adams sought "education" all his life without ever, in his own opinion, exactly finding it. *The Education of Henry Adams*, which he finished 33 years ago, is not gloomy though a desperate pathos underlies its laughter. It is a grand picture-gallery where we find Victor Hugo, solemnly telling a roomful of hushed worshippers, "Quant a moi, je crois en Dieu," whereupon a woman responded as though in deep meditation, "Chose sublime! un Dieu qui croit en Dieu!", or John Bright, banging the dinner-table and shouting, "We English are a nation of brutes and ought to be exterminated to the last man," or bellicose Golden Treasury Palgrave (nee Cohen) calling on John Richard Green at his new house in Kensington Square and saying to him first thing, "I've counted three anachronisms on your front doorstep."

But of all the laughable, lovable, or detestable characters which crowd the 500 pages of the "Education," easily the most attractive and interesting is that of Henry Adams himself. He is not yet so famous as Lawrence of Arabia or A. E. Housman, both of whom he resembled in a good many respects, be-

cause he died at the wrong moment, in March, 1918, when England and America were far too busy fighting for existence to pay much attention to the passing of a literary genius. Later on, his friends and admirers planned a collected edition of his works which might have brought him recognition, but the world-slump refused an imprimatur to the project.

It was only under extreme pressure that Adams sent his exquisite masterpiece, *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, to the publishers in 1913; the *Education*, finished about 1905, did not appear, except in a tiny private edition of 40 copies, until after his death; and only then, too, was it revealed that he had written the still extremely interesting novel, *Democracy*, which 40 years earlier had been the talk of the London season.

The charm of Adam's character is apparent in all his books, hard as he tried to hide himself behind elaborate veils of irony and even brusqueness. Saint-Gaudens, the sculptor, who knew him intimately, cast a little medallion representing his head in profile, with the body of a porcupine and the wings of an angel. The inscription on it ran:

*31 Farm St., Berkeley Square, London, W. 1, Eng., Oct. and Nov., 1937.

Henricus Adams Porcupinus Angelicus. He loved fun and nonsense, and adored children, especially in old age the large and lively gang of "nieces" who were his by right or whom he had enthusiastically adopted.

In June, 1887, when life had become a meaningless blank for him because the wife, whom he loved with all the intensity of his shy, deep heart, had died, Adams could yet write in the following strain to his great friend, Secretary of State, John Hay:

"My gaiety has been exhausting and continuous. I have called on two old ladies of 80 or more, and have frequented various invalids and persons in bad condition. I have given rifles to my two twin nephews, with which they are as certain as possible to kill each other, or someone else; but I don't care, because they have a big new sailboat which will drown them if they escape shooting. They are 12 years old. My nieces all prefer jack-knives, an amiable taste, showing refinement and literary propensities."

Henry Adams was born in Puritanical, Unitarian Boston, of all wrong places, at about the same date (1838) as the steam-engine, of all wrong times. "An 18th century remainder," he called himself, but his true place was with Abelard in

the 12th century, or with St. Thomas in the 13th.

When a small boy he took it for granted that he would one day become President of the U. S. All Adamses had done things like that. Both his great-grandfather and his still living grandfather had been Presidents, and his father was to achieve an almost rarer distinction by constraining the British Lion to put his tail between his legs during the American Civil War. As the *Education* clearly shows, English sympathies were almost entirely with the slave-owning South, and both Lord Russell and Gladstone were plotting intervention on the side of the Confederates when Charles Francis Adams, President Lincoln's Minister in London, sweetly wrote to Russell: "It would be superfluous in me to point out to your Lordship that this is war!"

The tragedy for Henry was that the steam engine had closed this glorious ancestral chapter before he could get into it.

At any rate, he could "educate" himself for whatever was to come, or so he fondly imagined. The Adams pride in him sought other fields of conquest, and if he could not make or control wars, he could at least assert the same high mastery over hypotheses. The universe was his oyster, and he would open it if the attempt were to cost him the

last atom of his happiness, which is more or less what it did cost him. A man who challenges the universe asks for a black eye, no matter how much Presidential blood may run in his veins. He writes:

"In those days the British mind was doing a great deal of work in a very un-English way, building up so many and such vast theories on such narrow foundations as to shock the conservative, and delight the frivolous. The atomic theory; the correlation and conservation of energy; the mechanical theory of the universe; the kinetic theory of gases, and Darwin's Law of Natural Selection, were examples of what a young man had to take on trust. Neither he nor anyone else knew enough to verify them; in his ignorance of mathematics he was particularly helpless; but this never stood in his way. The ideas were new and seemed to lead somewhere—to some great generalization which would finish one's clamour to be educated. Unbroken Evolution under uniform conditions pleased everyone, except curates and bishops; it was the very best substitute for religion; a safe, conservative, practical, thoroughly Common-Law deity. Such a working system for the universe suited a young man who had just helped to waste five or ten thousand million dollars and a million lives,

more or less, to enforce unity and uniformity on people who objected to it."

Adams studied long but "behind the lesson, he was conscious that, in geology as in theology, he could prove only Evolution that did not evolve; Uniformity that was not uniform; and Selection that did not select."

Still, the young secretary had no intention of letting the currents of his action be turned awry by his scientific conscience. He put his doubts under lock and key, since "the mania for handling all the sides of every question, looking into every window, and opening every door, was, as Bluebeard judiciously pointed out to his wives, fatal to their practical usefulness in society." He insisted on maintaining his absolute standards; on aiming at ultimate Unity: "One could not stop to chase doubts as though they were rabbits. One had no time to paint and putty the surface of Law, even though it were cracked and rotten. Law should be Evolution from lower to higher, and he would force himself to follow wherever it led, though he should sacrifice 5000 millions more in money, and a million more lives." As the path ultimately led, he sacrificed much more than this. The gossamer web of religion which the discreet and

measured Unitarianism of his home and Harvard had cast about his soul was soon gone with those biting winds of 19th century materialism. He felt the "aching consciousness of a religious void," and there was nothing to fill it but the futilitarian (his own adjective) and ever-changing hypotheses of the scientists. "Noah's dove had not searched the earth for resting-places so carefully or with so little success" as he had.

He passed seven years as professor of history at Harvard, possibly the best professor that University has known, and he wrote nine large volumes of American history which have become classical, but the chapter of the *Education* in which he tells of these things is characteristically entitled "Failure." No matter how hard he tried, and never a man worked harder, he could not discover the sequences in nature or history which his mind demanded for its peace. "After so many years of effort to find one's drift," he wrote when he was 64, "the drift found the seeker." There were missing links everywhere, and "satisfied that the sequence of men led to nothing, and that the sequence of society could lead no further, while the mere sequence of time was artificial, and the sequence of thought was chaos, he turned at last to the sequence of force." And

then the strangest chance brought him to the feet of our Lady of Chartres, where he passed into his last peaceful phase, the period which one of the "nieces" very rightly called "The Golden Years."

The Blessed Virgin had captured the heart of Adams. Scores of times he visited her shrines scattered over rural France, where "in the long summer days one found a sort of saturated green pleasure in the forests, and a grey infinity of rest in the little 12th century churches that lined them, as unassuming as their own mosses, and as sure of their purpose as their round arches." Sure of their purpose! That was what made this victim of multiplicity, who was sure of nothing, haunt their modest doors, or slip away from his friends in Paris to spend a whole ecstatic day by himself at Chartres. Of course, he gave out to his friends and insisted in his books that religion had nothing whatever to do with his preoccupation. He was interested in the Blessed Virgin, he said, purely as a social force. In 1904, our Lady constrained him to buy a motor-car, the one form of force that he most abominated, because "the automobile alone could unite her monuments in any reasonable sequence." Then he set aside the summer to find out what they could tell him.

"For him, the Virgin was an adorable mistress, who led the automobile and its owner where she would, to her wonderful palaces and chateaux, from Chartres to Rouen, and thence to Amiens and Laon, and a score of others, kindly receiving, amusing, charming and dazzling her lover, as though she were Aphrodite herself, worth all else that man ever dreamed. He never doubted her force, since he felt it to the last fibre of his being, and could no more dispute its mastery than he could dispute the force of gravitation, of which he knew nothing but the formula. He was only too glad to yield himself entirely, not to her charm or to any sentimentality of religion, but to her mental and physical energy of creation which had built up these World's Fairs of 13th century force that turned Chicago and St. Louis pale."

Darwin and the dynamo having failed him, Adams determined to take the final plunge of translating all forces, meaning things that do, or help to do, work, into terms of attraction on thought. It was in this way that our Lady of Chartres came to occupy his mind almost exclusively, for "symbol or energy, the Virgin had acted as the greatest force the Western world ever felt, and had drawn men's activities to herself more strongly than any other

power, natural or supernatural, had ever done." Not all the steam in the world, he said, could have built Chartres, as she had done, and so to Chartres and the century of Chartres he would go for the clue which the dynamo denied him.

Like many another bright intellect, Adams was determinedly anti-intellectual. He admired St. Thomas, but he adored St. Francis, and felt that the best way to meet an attack of syllogisms was the one adopted by Fra Egidio who waited until the conclusions were laid down, and then, taking a flute from the folds of his robe, played his answer in rustic melodies. Nevertheless, he could recognize in the Summa of St. Thomas the counterpart of Amiens Cathedral, or of his own beloved Chartres:

"In Saint Thomas' Church, man's free will was the aspiration to God, and he treated it as the architects of Chartres and Laon had treated their famous fleches. The square foundation-tower, the expression of God's power in act—His Creation—rose to the level of the Church facade as a part of the normal unity of God's energy; and then, suddenly, without a show of effort, without break, without logical violence, became a many-sided, voluntary, vanishing human soul, and neither Villard de Honnecourt nor Duns Scotus could distinguish

where God's power ends and man's free will begins. All they saw was the soul vanishing into the skies. How it was done, one does not care to ask. Thomas Aquinas would probably have built a better cathedral at Beauvais than the actual architect who planned it. Both were great artists; perhaps in their professions, the greatest that ever lived. The architects of the 12th and 13th centuries took the Church and the universe for truths, and tried to express them in a structure which should be final. Knowing by an enormous experience precisely where the strains were to come, they enlarged their scale to the utmost point of material endurance, lightening the load and distributing the burden until the gutters and gargoyles that seem mere ornaments, and the grotesques that seem rude absurdities, all do work either for the arch or for the eye; and every inch of material, up and down, from crypt to vault, from man to God, from the universe to the atom, had its task so that, from the cross on the fleche and the keystone of the vault, down through the ribbed nervures, the columns, the windows, to the foundations of the flying buttresses far beyond the walls, one idea controlled every line; and this is true of St. Thomas' Church as it is of Amiens Cathedral.

In the *Education* (p. 429), Adams admitted that St. Thomas nearly compelled him to become a Catholic, for only on St. Thomas' terms was it possible to hang on to the universe as a unity at all. Rather than surrender, however, even to so noble a spear, he preferred to accept the universe as a "multiverse" and find what consolation he could for his baffled, tormented soul in the thought of her who, since the Marriage Feast of Cana, has been the refuge of everybody in a predicament. "Not to dwell too long upon it," he wrote, "one admits that hers is the only Church. One would admit anything that she should require. If you only had the soul of a shrimp, you would crawl, like the Abbé Suger, to kiss her feet."

The great delight of Adams during his last peaceful years as an old, half-blinded man, was to listen to 12th and 13th century songs, brave songs of the Crusades, love songs or spinning-songs, beautifully sung to him by one of the devoted "daughter-nieces" who attended to his comforts. "But every evening before saying good-night, the Uncle would ask for a song to the Virgin. With eyes half-closed and head thrown back, he would listen intently, as if joining in the song or prayer himself." After his death, which came peacefully to him in

sleep, some verses entitled "Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres" were found in a little wallet of his special papers.

How Henry Adams and Charles Peguy might have loved one another, had they ever met! They came from opposite poles, the one an aristocrat to his fingers' tips, and the other as thoroughly an artisan; but they both fought their way out of atheism to the same conclusion; that the Virgin Mother of God was the clue to their dark mysteries, the keystone of that dear arch of human brotherhood with which they so ardently longed to bridge the divisions between their

fellowmen. Before he went into battle to die for his dream in 1914, Peguy made a pact with four women friends, a Catholic, a Protestant, a Jewess, and an Agnostic, who all promised him that they would go on pilgrimage every year to pray for his soul at the shrine of our Lady of Chartres, if he never returned. It is an arresting thought that those two great men, who were similar only in their sorrows, should have spent their last conscious hours similarly employed, Adams listening devoutly to songs in our Lady's praise, and Peguy decking with flowers one of her abandoned altars.

String of Pearls

Musician Christopher Willibald Ritter von Gluck, whose music made the Wagnerian musical drama possible, died 150 years ago. He started his musical career singing in choirs. One Sunday, descending from the choir-loft of St. Stephan's glass-roofed Cathedral of Vienna, he was met by a priest who expressed his admiration by presenting him with a Rosary, suggested that saying it every evening would make life easier for him.

Gluck carried out the suggestion to the letter. One of his biographers reports that he said it at a determined time every evening without fail. No matter what the society or how gripping the conversation, he would leave, find a quiet corner to say what he called the "breviary of the musician." The courts of Vienna and Versailles knew about his custom and respected him for it. When he died suddenly in his 73rd year, they found him holding the rosary in his dead hand.

Schonere Zukunft (Vienna, 8 Nov. '37)

Marquette At Ludington

By VINCENT T. SIBILA, S. J. Priest-explorer praised by Protestant Bishop

Condensed from the **Jesuit Missions***

Close to Ludington, a city of some 10,000, situated on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, is the site of Father Marquette's death, and for the last three years this city has shown herself especially appreciative of this privilege by conducting a pageant in honor of the missionary and explorer.

This year the third annual Pere Marquette Memorial Pageant, the narrative of which was prepared and delivered by Rt. Rev. Robert Nelson Spencer, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was presented from August fifth to eighth. It had received the blessing of Pope Pius XI. Since 1937 was the tercentenary of Marquette's birth, the pageant depicted especially the boyhood days during which God's grace was preparing him for his North American missionary career. The fact that the pageant text was written and delivered by a Protestant Bishop, the cast made up of members of many religious denominations, and the celebration sponsored so enthusiastically by the whole city, proves convincingly that Father Marquette is a hero in all religions.

The story of Marquette, beginning at Laon, was concluded at

Ludington, and Ludington paid tribute to her international heritage by presenting a sweeping, historically accurate panorama of the life of its most famous citizen. The first five of the 14 scenes were laid in France, treating of the early life of Jacques and sketching the gradual formation of his missionary vocation. Scene one is by way of a prologue. It symbolizes, in a tableau of the famous Marquette ancestors, the glorious lineage of little Jacques. Scene two was the christening of the child, while especially in evidence was the mixture of influences with which young Marquette was to be surrounded during his early life. The third, fourth and fifth scenes showed the generous devotion and noble ambition of the little French lad being gradually directed into the channel of his missionary-explorer vocation. At a garden party at the Marquette home in Laon, young Jacques, aged five, met the great Cardinal Richelieu and was encouraged in the desire to give himself heroically to God, but the child afterwards moved from group to group among the guests, feeling the religious influence of some, the military influence of certain others, and the political

*257 Fourth Ave., New York City, December, 1937.

and social influence of still others. In scene four the future missionary was shown reading in his parents' home. Figures, dimly seen in the shadowy background, represented the varied and conflicting thoughts in the boy's mind as he tried to decide which of the several possible careers open to him he will follow—the figures being of a high Church official, an important political leader, a military commander, and finally a blackrobed Jesuit. The final scene of this group showed

Marquette, as a Jesuit Novice at Nancy, thrilled and inspired at hearing read to him the letters from the missionaries in New France, and expressing his desire to imitate those heroic saints. Nine other scenes followed, showing Father Marquette beginning his work at Three Rivers, continuing at Sault Ste. Marie and La Pointe, exploring the Mississippi, and at last finishing his labors in a little hut at the mouth of the Marquette River near Ludington.



The Silent Hundred

There existed in ancient Greece a strange association called the Academy of Silence. It was composed of 100 members, each one pledged to do away with all unnecessary sound as far as possible. All the meetings were carried on in silence, ideas being conveyed by signs.

One day a stranger appeared at their council, signifying that he wished to join the society. The one in charge, in order to indicate to the would-be member that there was no vacancy in the Academy, showed him an urn so filled with water that not a drop could be added without causing the contents to overflow. The applicant, understanding what was meant, bowed low and started to withdraw, then hesitated and returned. The assembled members were curious to know the meaning of his action; but it was made clear to them when the neophyte, picking up a rose-leaf, deposited it so lightly and deftly upon the water in the urn that not a drop was displaced.

His brightness of thought was rewarded. The Academy of Silence was at once enlarged to include an extra member.

Ave Maria (1910)

The Wanderings of A Gourmet

By SHAHID SUHRAWARDY

Eat and live

Condensed from *The New Review**

The most flagrant disobedience of the law of nature, "In Rome eat as the Romans do," is the case of about 150 Gujerati pearl merchants who live in Paris, and who, criminally unaware of the fact that fate has put them in the paradise of gourmets, insist on eating their own food, the material for which is imported direct from India. Besides lentils and rice and condiments, they import salt and tins of Huntley Palmer biscuits untouched by human hands. This small colony is a wholesale victim of dire dyspepsia.

Another instance, known to those who have visited Florence, is of retired English colonels and old maids, who haunt the English eating places of *Via Tornabuoni*, flushed with strong tea and spurious roast beef, when almost next door, at Pauli's, in a vaulted room painted with frescos depicting the delights of epicureanism, they could have had *bistecca*, the Italian adaptation of their national dish, innumerable kinds of *paste*, and finish off the meal with that most delicious of temperance beverages, the Italian coffee *a l'espresso*. Italy and France and some bits of Spain towards the Mediterranean are the

countries where, even in the humblest of inns, you are sure to find some preparation of fish, bird or eggs which will satisfy you. Of course being a bird-lover I disapprove of the Italian dish of larks served on toast or, worse still, roasted nightingales. It is distressing to find in the country of the gentle St. Francis this cruelty towards these innocent creatures who would make life still more joyful under the most beautiful of skies.

But whoever has lived in Rome can never forget the *Ulpiana*, a marvellous restaurant situated in the vaulted aisle of a ruined cathedral or the *Castello* of the Maltese Cavaliers on the top of the Aventino hill, a medieval castle, now, according to reports, transformed into a residence for the Duce, from where in the evenings you can watch the lights of Rome spread beneath you and, in the half-light, see the shadows of the massive ruins of the Imperial Palaces on the Palatine. Though in Central Europe they specialize in situating their beer-halls over beautiful scenery, for the view and its soothing influence on conversation, which is a necessary concomitant of good food, the only place I know which can com-

*30 Park St., Calcutta, India, Nov., 1937.

pare with the Roman Castle restaurant is the *Tour d'Argent* of Paris, famous for its numbered roasted ducks, overlooking the marvellous gothic pile of *Notre-Dame*, with the river flowing below. Yes, good food, like other things which give aesthetic delight, should have its setting of beauty and should be enjoyed in the company of congenial spirits.

Now, living in India, though I long for the *borshch* of Russia, the *goulash* of Hungary, the *vertep* of Poland, the *shorbe* of Bulgaria, though I still think of the time when I ate the most refined of *pilafs* under the shadow of the magnificent Mosque of Bayazid at Istanbul, or when, at Nanking, that picturesque dish, the lacquered duck, the skin of which only should be eaten, was brought to me at the end of a long iron rod and thumped on the floor, and I, as a barbarian, wanted also not to miss the flesh, drawing on me the decorous disapproval of Chinese customers. I must confess that, tolerant as I am to good food, wherever it might come from and whatever it might be composed of, I have a soft corner, shall I say, in my stomach for the Persianised dishes of India. I know that this conglomerate food, to which the Iranian Nomads, the Turki hordes, Byzantium, India and the magnificent Persian courts

have so largely contributed, is suited more to the climatic conditions of Central Asian uplands than to our country. As a rule I, too, give preference to ordinary Bengali Hindu or Punjabi food, which is of the folk and delicious as well as healthy. But, by way of exception, what more wonderful feast for the eye or the stomach than a richly laid Mogul dinner with its sombreness of *kababs* and *kormas* and the gold of its *palaos* and *parathas*.

You are well aware that the cult of vitamins was introduced in Europe after the war as a result of privations to which people had been habituated during the terrible years of that calamity. It began in countries like England, which have to import their food from outside. This disastrous tendency towards plain living and high thinking was encouraged by short-sighted political economists. The war was looked upon as a landmark of a new life, for better or for worse. So the plenitude of Victorian England, not only of the table but in matters of dress, yielded to scantiness in menus and attire. As all superstitions from time immemorial have been propped up by science, a nefarious theory of good health based on bad food gained currency. Since then the sallow dyspeptic in his forties has become the ideal type of a patriot, a national symbol of the

ardent devourer of home products.

Can you think of anything more unpleasant than when, in the morning, with one's appetite at its most exquisite, the greatest contribution of England to human civilization, eggs and bacon, a combination arrived at after centuries of patient research and experimentation, is banished from the breakfast table in the interests of salad leaves or orange juice? That aesthetic oddity, the wholemeal bread, and worse still, its tasteless compression, the Swedish *Knäckebrot*, takes the place today of the golden brown toast. Fruit, which used to decorate the table in former times for dinner, when after the day's work one had a large expanse of leisure to chew and digest this form of food, which accident rather than human talent has made a feature of our meals, is now tucked in hastily between the reading of the morning newspaper and the catching of the early suburban train. It is no wonder that these unfortunate toilers in offices sit sulky, uncommunicative, hiccuping out irrelevant and needless remarks about the weather; in short they become inhuman. Are these the descendants of the Elizabethans whose stomachs bulged out in the same way as the sails of their all-conquering galleons? Full of enterprise and food did they not scour the seas for

new glory and newer dishes?

And what has remained of that proud heritage of the English, the roast beef, the rook-pies, the venison pasties, the ancient ale, tastier and certainly wholesomer than the "beaded Hippocrene," all that which went to form the brain and brawn of Shakespeare, what has happened to it? Still in remote English inns or in rare restaurants that keep to traditions, such as Simpson's or Bulistan, you get a meagre idea of the past. Now meretricious eating-houses, which deservedly used to be hidden in olden days in Soho, the dingy breeding-place of anarchism and the cult of Marx, flourish under French and Italian signboards suggesting food for connoisseurs. The Spanish trouble has reminded people of that country, so there are some places now which are named after Loyal and Insurgent cities. Badly assorted hors-d'oeuvres is the specialty of these torture chambers. I have seen young people with continental predilections and undeveloped taste make a meal in such places out of dry radishes and tinned fishes, or out of ill-cooked spaghetti drowned in tomato sauce and sprinkled with soapy cheddar. If you can fill yourself with hors-d'oeuvres of the kind you get in these restaurants you might as well feed on sandwiches, those fancy American importations,

how different to the old-age *smorbrot* of Scandinavian countries, sandwiches too of sorts, but with what delicate restraint in the use of bread, and what inventiveness and wide knowledge in their content.

If in any thing America is cal- low, it is in food matters. What cultured palate can delight in ice-creams, sandwiches and in salads, fantastic in their composition it is true, but barbarous mixtures of opposing flavors—apple and olive oil! What cultured animal-lover can eat a pair of lean sausages called hot dog!

The best American dish to my palate is lobster *a l'Americaine*. Americans are as ignorant of this dish in their country as Russians are of Russian salad, or Indians of, what is called in England, Indian curry. When I first ate this particular preparation of lobster at Prunier's in Paris, that traditional eating-house which makes a specialty of all things found above or within the sea, and whose owner, according to legend, was given the highest French decoration, usually reserved for monarchs and notorieties, because of his discovery of a peculiar kind of *anjou* which forms the most adequate accompaniment to fish, I asked a friend of mine where the Americans could have got hold of so marvellous a dish cooked in brandy and tomato juice

with a little decoration of rice on the silver tray; from where could they have derived that pagan audacity to cook the lobster alive, for, without that, one cannot get the best flavor out of it? My friend, who was a gourmet as well as a philologist, explained to me that the word *Americaine* was a corruption by waiters, heavily bribed with American tips, of *Armorica*, a region of France. I was glad to hear it, for in my enthusiasm I was about to forget the infliction of shredded wheat, chicken *a la King*, and tinned corn on the cob which I had recently suffered from at the hands of an American hostess.

Returning now to hors-d'œuvres. Yes, one can make a meal out of them but not in those fanciful eating places in London. For that you have to go to Super-Cannes in the south of France, the hill standing between earth and sky, or to Avignon, rich in the romantic traditions of Provence, and revel in stuffed capsicums, fresh tunny fish, *foie-gras* pasties, ingenious salads and picturesque sausages. Or you could sit at Naples on a jetty protruding out on to the bay, which one should see before one dies, and incidentally, which I have outlived a score of times, and devour curious plates of *vangole* the ink-octopus, and moist it all with a translucent Capri.

When I think of how food is degenerating in Europe, how of English cooking what remains in common use is the monstrous whiting, an animal served, in order to emphasize its utter incongruity, with its tail in its mouth, the dull porridge, which, according to the French, is safe enough for food for

horses, and that horror or horrors, the custard, I feel like that great Chinese poet, Po-chu-i who, banished from the court of the ancient Chu, sang praises of golden roasted fowl, the lustrous sea-weeds, the fattened dog, and bitterly wept for the days that would return no more.



The Bodies of Saints

In many places, notably in Italy, whose churches have such rich collections of relics, relics are displayed in a fashion which seems gruesome to many. For example, the body of St. Catherine of Bologna is preserved seated on a chair, proffering her hand to be kissed by the pilgrim. The remains of St. Clare, in Assisi, and of St. Philip Neri, in the Chiesa Nuova, in Rome, are lying as though just prepared for burial, apparently in an excellent state of preservation, though in each case the face is covered with a mask. The instance of St. Charles Borromeo, whose body lies in a crystal casket in the crypt under the high altar of the Duomo of Milan, represents a similar method of exhibiting the body of a saint for veneration.

In France, on the other hand, the relics are usually encased in a waxen image, as one may note at Lisieux, where the few remnants of the body of the Little Flower are concealed in the wax figure, which represents the saint recumbent on her death couch; or at the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity, in the Rue du Bac, Paris, where one sees only the lifelike wax image of St. Catherine Laboure beneath which her actual remains, said to be in excellent preservation, are hidden. In England, the same reticence is evident, for example, in the Westminster Cathedral, where in the Chapel of the English Martyrs, reposes the body of Blessed John Southworth. One sees a recumbent figure clad in sacerdotal vestments but the face is concealed by a white cloth.

Posies, Paint Pots and Poets

A painter does his best

By GRACE H. SHERWOOD

Condensed from *The Ave Maria**

At the first swelling of the buds, Rudolph puts in an appearance. He is not my gardener, exclusively; he belongs rather to several of us collectively, being gardener-in-general to the neighborhood. By a scale of justice all his own, Rudolph divides his time among his customers, as he calls us, the latter days of the week, when everyone wants the place to look nice for the week end, going to those who have found something for him to do in winter when gardening is at a standstill. Those who forget that he has to live when winter winds as well as summer flowers blow, have to take the less choice days of the week.

All the neighborhood is aware of Rudolph's skill as a gardener. To only a few is it known that he is a poet. I am among the few, because some busy tongue has informed Rudolph that I likewise am a versifier. His verse Rudolph keeps in a large and ornate scrapbook, safe from publicity (where, I suspect, much of my own would better be), illustrated by his own hand and only brought to light when persuaded to by a fellow poet; myself, for instance.

Rudolph, you see, is a three-in-one person. One part of him, in

season, persuades the perennials to move without being sulky, urges the annuals to climb from seed to bloom with breath-taking swiftness. Another part of him, in lean days, consoles himself with the game of making words and lines come out even. And there is the other Rudolph, the winter worker, the painter. In the autumn of the first year that he had worked for me he reminded me that not only could he, in season, make the garden gay with color, but, out of season, make the house, the furniture, what you would, gay with paint. As a lot of things around our house looked just then as if they needed to be made gay I took Rudolph at his word and took him on, thus becoming if not first, at least second choice among his customers when days were to be given out in the spring.

We did teamwork, Rudolph and I. I mixed and Rudolph laid on. Belonging to the generation which was raised on Ruskin, I did not forget that woman's great function is to praise. So, I praised and Rudolph laid it on. One grows bold with much accomplishing. Growing bold I rashly promised Rudolph I would save him out the dining

**Notre Dame, Indiana, Nov., 27, 1937.*

room when we had the house done over. Peter shook his head doubtfully when I told him what Rudolph and I were up to. Bathrooms, maybe, but the *dining room*? Best let the painter go through and do it professionally. However, I had promised Rudolph—and that was that.

The painter came and painted his way through the house, myself hanging onto his every movement, hoping thus to gather knowledge and improve, vicariously, my Rudolph's **stroke**.

The time came for Rudolph and myself to imitate what he had done. Enthusiastically, Rudolph set about the sizing of the walls in exactly the manner that the painter had done, the information, of course, conveyed through me. And as the walls are of sand plaster the sizing was no mean job. Meanwhile, I mixed colors and matched, my confidence in ourselves unbounded. Next day, the sizing dry, the matching completed, Rudolph began to lay on the first coat of the soft and lovely shade that, thanks to the painter's magnanimity, I had been able to match exactly. We, that is Rudolph painting and myself praising, saw to it that every square inch of ceiling and wall was covered evenly. Then, vastly admiring our own skill, we called it a day and rested from our labors.

But not from anxiety. Morning revealed that our painting in no way resembled the painter's. It had dried but in no such captivating evenness as the painter's paint had dried upon the walls he painted. Our walls were a disheartening series of splotches as if they, the walls, had caught a gigantic case of measles during the night. Nothing daunted, we set to, Rudolph and I, and painted them a second time. First coats did not count, we argued to ourselves bravely. But with no better results. A third time we attacked them—the measles were no better. It dawned on me that something had gone wrong somewhere. As a broadcaster of methods in painting I seemed to be a rank failure. Peter, returning each night to more fresh paint on the same old splotchiness, refrained from reminding me of his advice, which was truly noble in him.

On this fourth day half way down a splotchy wall, Rudolph stopped abruptly, brush in hand, and turned around to me seated upon a swathed chair, hoping against hope that this time the measles would be cured.

"These walls make me think of my Uncle Rudy!" he said cryptically. I had not known his Uncle Rudy and couldn't sense the connection.

"He used to have a lot of say-

ings," Rudolph went on. "German sayings, they were. One of them went like this, *Was und wieder was!* Whenever he'd get real worried about something he couldn't get right he'd say, *Es ist ein was und wieder was.*"

"What did he mean?" I pressed, seeing that Rudolph wanted to be asked.

"Well, near as I can give it in English, he meant, 'It's always something else, yet.' And this here wall," waving his brush at the splotches, "it puts me in mind of my uncle. Every day when I come, it's always something else, yet. It's a *was und wieder was!* That's what it is!"

But there were no more *wieders*, happily for Rudolph and myself. We seemed to have conquered them if you except one stubborn splotch which insisted upon being individualized, as it were. But we hung the biggest dining-room picture where it would cast a friendly shadow over this ghost of our trouble. And having hung it, I cast the shadow of the village paint man's bill and those feverish days of splotch erasing firmly from my mind. But not so Rudolph. He could not dismiss disaster so easily, as I was to discover.

He was raking the winter's debris from the perennial bed some weeks later, myself looking on for

signs of hopeful delphinium and columbine and phlox, when, suddenly he stopped, as he had stopped that day in the middle of his painting.

"I've been thinking over what we went through when we painted the dining room," he began unexpectedly. "Laying in bed, nights, hunting for a word that would say what we suffered," he went on. (I accepted the "we" without comment. Had I not agonized as much as he?) "Last night, all at once, it came to me what it was . . . mental anguish. That's what it was, all right, mental anguish!" He had been leaning on his rake, but he straightened up now, pulling the dead leaves from the hiding shoots below.

"Now that I've thought of the right word for what we went through, I can stop thinking about it," he said, simply.

Did I smile, as I had smiled a while ago at his *was und wieder was?* I did not. Too often have I lain awake myself at night, searching for words, dismissing them impatiently, as they came forth from the darkness, because this one was too weak, this one too strong, this one too dark, another too swift, recognizing in a flash the one indubitably right word as it suddenly separated itself from its predecessors. And knowing peace only when

it had been found. More than peace—joy!

Rudolph, the gardener, Rudolph, the painter, both these men I knew. They did my bidding with spade and brush, and did it well. But this third man who had been in hiding all the while? I had not known

him at all. This man who, after a day of toil with his hands, could know no rest until he had succeeded in digging laboriously from his mind, the one, elusive, right word that would exactly record some experience of his own. Could any poet do more? Or less?

Three Cheers

Pope Pius XI was exceptionally expansive when over 100 Annapolis midshipmen were received. They were lined up in Consistory Hall and after he had made the rounds of the hall and allowed each one to kiss his ring, he was assisted to the throne and there delivered an address to them in which he exhorted the spirit of patriotism and extolled the spiritual attributes of the U. S. as a nation. When the address ended, the midshipmen wishing to show some mark of appreciation for the reception, decided to give the navy yell.

The cheerleader took his place and in that solemn atmosphere with its rich damasks, priceless frescoes and golden ceiling, cried out with real Annapolis gusto, "Now boys let's make it snappy. We'll give nine N-A-V-Y's and end up with three 'Holy Father's'."

Away went the yell with the capering cheerleader performing his acrobatics right at the steps of the throne. There was a crashing sound which reverberated throughout the whole of the Vatican palaces. It was magnified babel to the hundreds waiting for audience in the other halls, some wondering what had broken loose. But Pius XI was all smiles and calmly turned to the cheerleader.

"Do it again. That is worth an encore," he commanded.

This fired both cheerleader and midshipmen. If the first attempt had been babel, the second attempt was another touchdown for the Navy. Sediari, gendarmes, Swiss Guards and prelates peeked in to see what had happened. Their curiosity was pleasantly baffled by seeing the Holy Father smiling broadly and waving a greeting to the men. The cheerleader mistook this for the offer of a handshake and walked up the dais and clasped the Pope by the hand. In return for this exuberant display, the Pontiff shook him joyously on the shoulder with his left hand. Not only had a handshake never been known by Pius XI but that day was the most boisterous in modern Vatican history. It was the beginning of a tradition. All Annapolis midshipmen who ever visit the Pope unfailingly perpetrate the N-A-V-Y yell and the Pope always waits for it.

Thomas B. Morgan, A Reporter at the Papal Court (Longmans, N. Y. 1937)

Stars Fell on Coal Mines

Subway music of the spheres.

By JOHN MINNICH WILSON

Condensed from *The Grail**

Tump Nebo drove a mule in Tallydale. His father drove a mule before Tump Nebo's time. His father's father, also, strained at sweat-harnessed labor underground. Tump Nebo never knew his sire or grandsire, though. They were killed in coal mine accidents when Tump Nebo was very young. Tump Nebo proved his heritage from cradle days! Being a miner's whelp, only a pick would soothe his teething pain. He chose a carbide flask to rattle in his crib. Tump Nebo was conceived beneath a rebellious star. And he was born with coal-dust in his eyes.

He was content to wrestle sustenance from boulder stones. He was satisfied to sweat where coal-men are.

Coal-men are strong men and coal-men are strange. And some said Tump Nebo was the strangest yet. Some said Tump Nebo stood apart for he possessed a sight that seemed to probe beneath the surface. He weighed the facts to convince himself on matters of concern with mining men. Some held Tump Nebo was a man to fear because he did not fraternize with other men. Some coal-men claimed he held communion with the past and

when he was alone Tump Nebo even talked with coal and boulders.

One day Tump Nebo wedged a boulder from the roof. A massive thing. Inanimate. But he talked as though the stone could hear:

"All right," Tump Nebo said, "you men who sweep the skies to find uncharted stars. You brilliant men who sift the star-dust from the nebula of night. Here lies the challenge from the core of yesterday. This boulder brings the mystery of star-points to your ken. Come find solutions to your riddles the earth has swallowed eons back. Come seek the truth but do not fetch the fragile telescope. The eye does not deceive in this black deep. Each hammer blow disturbs some ancient memoir time has pressed between these mineral pages. Come pluck stars with your fingers from subterranean skies. Come loiter with perpetual night under constellations of lost Jupiters. The blue-white stars that burned before the eons closed this sable page. This black page, splattered wide with boulder welts, is carbon Braille that only miners touch and only miners read. Here strong-loined men bend stalwart backs to salvage ghosts of fallen stars upon a

**The Grail*, St. Meinrad, Indiana, Dec., 1937.

shovel. Here strong men pick broken stars for rancid nourishment. Perished stars, ten million light-years from the nearest day. Geologists and astronomers, come listen to the mining cars that roar past with star-dust splinters to serve the needs of man. Consider smoke of coal that twists its sooty arms and reaches towards the Milky Way. Witness the prodigal of stars that return to nebula. The power that sealed this ancient treasure-chest must hold some love for souls of reckless man. Swash-buckling brawn who sweat with steel to return these shackled stars."

Tump Nebo labored with another stone. He forced it from its rocky tomb and saw it roll to rest. The earth shook as though in pain. The earth seemed something that could breathe and flinched in protest at the worm that gnaws the core. The earth seemed to arise and stand on rocky feet a moment there. Tump Nebo forced a boulder from its ancient cache and with it a thousand more. When the dust

was clean Tump Nebo was a part of things that once have been. Tump Nebo buried under tons of rock departed with a sudden snap, as coal-men go. The harpstring that has whined and snaps before the melody is through.

The crowd was small that trailed Tump Nebo's corpse. For he was none to fraternize and none came to his door. The priest stood at Tump Nebo's bier and uttered words of other worlds and other days to come. One woman dried a moistened eye. Only the week before she witnessed her own seed interred. The frost comes early to the mines before harvest time. She wept in sympathy with some other's pain who bore Tump Nebo to this world. Calaban called on God to throw just a handful of stars to mining men if God wanted their love.

Sometimes it seems Tump Nebo dropped heaven's celestial bars. For Tump Nebo died a miner's underground death; but he was wallowing in stars.

I do not Choose

I wonder how many people dreamed that Calvin Coolidge was quoting Alice in Wonderland when he "did not choose to run" for a third term. Alice, one of a few books always on the library-table of the Coolidge home, was quoted frequently.

I am not sure, but Coolidge's hedgy expression sounds very much like the Older Oyster's reply when invited to take a walk with the Walrus and the Carpenter, the fatal walk from which the younger oysters never returned: "The Older Oyster winked his eye, and shook his heavy head, Meaning to say 'I do not choose to leave the oyster bed!'"

Louis F. Doyle, S. J. in *Fleur de Lis* (Nov. '37)

Parents and Paganism

Teacher castigates parents

By BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON

Condensed from *The Commonweal**

Attention is being focused upon the hundreds of books for children upon which authors and illustrators have lavished loving care. Many parents are conscientiously buying them, and listening to librarians and educators as they set forth their virtues. But other influences, more insistent and more superficially stimulating, are at work, tearing down ruthlessly all that we have built. Are the parents mad that they do not see it?

We are living in the midst of a pagan culture; we are surrounded by a cult of naturalism, and *your* children are not escaping. Modesty and reticence are gone; virtue is old-fashioned; moral controls are ceasing to function.

Something could be done. Something must be done, and that promptly, by every parent and educator who believes in God and remembers the 6th commandment.

Advertising in certain fields is becoming bolder and bolder. Study the advertising pages of some of the magazines which your children read avidly and also the erstwhile innocuous rotogravure sections of your Sunday newspaper. You will find a large proportion of the advertisements devoted to women's

undergarments. Note the insidious suggestions of a pagan attitude toward the human body. The advertising of cosmetics and cigarettes is likewise a subversive influence. The young girl is made to feel that her main purpose in life is to make herself attractive, "full of allure," "kissable." Will your daughter acquiesce if you tell her that she is not to make herself into a common "kissable" object?

Do you exploit your children by training them to regard themselves as "young stars?" Do you enrol them in tap-dancing classes, trying to find an audience for a talent that never existed? Do you let your child listen to the frightful "amateur children's hours" or permit your little daughter to give a faithful imitation of Mae West or one of her ilk?

If this is a problem which has not touched your household, just in the service of humanity listen to one of the programs. Listen to babies singing, "I'm in the Mood for Love." Remember that to the average modern child, love does not mean devotion, self-sacrifice, restraint. It means one thing—"petting." No child may be blamed for supposing that such activities and

*386 Fourth Ave., New York City, Nov. 19, 1937.

emotions constitute the most important part of life. Do you ever hear a child, except in school sing a child's song? Pick up some of those colored folders bearing the choruses of popular songs, and observe the pagan note running through them: "Let Yourself Go," "It's the Natural Thing to Do."

While you are buying a few of these song sheets at your corner news store, pause just a moment and take note of the stock. Look at the covers of those lurid magazines through the eyes of your little pre-adolescent child. Examine the contents, and then you will know one of the reasons for the wave of sex crimes. Most of the unfortunate victims of such abnormal cravings say that they got their ideas from books. What are we afraid of? Why don't we get rid of this filth?

You buy beautiful books for your children, but they are only a small proportion of your child's reading. There is often a startling difference between the literature found in the high school student's home library and in his locker at school.

Perhaps you know that your children do not read very well. Do you know why? One reason is that current fad—the pictorial magazine. Your children and even you yourself are returning to the habits of

your primitive, picture-reading ancestors. It is easier to read pictures than print, easier to get news from the radio than to read it. A muscle that is not used becomes atrophied. So with mental skills. We learn to read by reading. We lose the power by not reading. The implication is unmistakable. Some of the pictorials, notably the more expensive ones, either ostensibly created for fostering a love of art or frankly for the sophisticated, are definitely vicious. No parent should have such things in the house. It should not be necessary to say that if parents read only magazines, their children are not likely to be book-lovers. It is obvious that if you permit yourself to read questionable novels and magazines, your child will not prefer the good and beautiful. The home sets all the patterns; the influence of the teacher and the librarian not only comes much later, but is not nearly so effective, especially when it is diametrically opposed to the example in the home.

Not all of the lunch money that you give to your high-school children goes for food. They buy magazines of the *True Story* and *True Confessions* type and pass them around until they are worn out. They read the movie magazines constantly and spend much time in day-dreaming of glamor and "allure." Most of them follow the

comic strips with sedulous devotion, reading and rereading the pictures and losing more and more the power to read anything more difficult than the simplest vocabulary. Spelling and grammar, moreover, are adversely influenced. You have only to examine a week-end crop of "funnies" to see why. Personal conduct is keyed to the lowest standards.

Another dangerous reading type is the crime or detective story. We have actually developed a national disregard for the criminal aspects of murder, in our abnormal interest in its mechanics. We have begun to regard murder as a species of entertainment. Clever comedians have made drunkenness funny. We laugh at a drunken man and forget the tragedy of his condition. We are movie-trained to regard speed as entertaining and an utterly criminal disregard for the rights and persons of others as evidence of cleverness. Seventh and eighth grade pupils list as their favorite reading the awful "funnies," "criminal stories" (the adjective is their own invention to a need), "modernistic love stories," *True Confessions*, *True Romances*, and movie magazines. In spite of occasional optimistic reports, based upon questionnaires submitted to children, to the effect that young people are still

reading the classics, the fact remains that a very large number of children read only those classics required by the school, or those actually read with them by parents.

Let individual parents, parent-teacher groups, teachers' associations, sodalities, women's clubs and fraternal organizations write to the firms that use offensive advertising, to the magazines that carry such advertisements, to the radio stations that carry programs dangerous to children. Let them use pressure upon local police to clean up the newsstands. Let them protest movies prejudicial to the welfare of children, and conversely, let them not forget to praise publicly every step in the right direction taken by individual merchants, managers, police or others. An aroused public can work wonders.

Most important of all, unite in neighborhood, school or church groups and agree upon norms of conduct for your children: hours for parties, matters of dress, use of the family car. Then stick to them so that the child cannot counter with, "Why can't I? Betty can!"

Sacrifice your own sophisticated tastes upon the altar of your children's welfare. Make good literature attractive to them, and with patience you may save this generation from the poison of paganism.

Reprints of this article may be had from The Commonweal at \$1 for 50 copies.

Dr. Johnson's Wit

By SEAN GALLAGHER

18th century conversation

Condensed from *The Cross**

It is a curious fact, however, that Johnson's lasting fame rests not on the value of his own works. They are now virtually forgotten. To a perky little Scotsman is due the credit of keeping the name of the great old moralist so freshly green. Boswell garnered the fruit of the Doctor's wisdom and wit into the treasure-house of his biography. With the phenomenal success of his *Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson* he achieved a dual fame: immortalizing at the same time both the names of Boswell and Johnson. By many, the work is regarded as the greatest production in the history of English literature. Wherever the book is opened, one finds recorded the Doctor's piquant opinion on some phase of life. The wisdom and aptitude of the remarks, which were frequently thrown out in coffee-houses after a moment's consideration, are a delight to study. One may not always agree with the Doctor's opinions, but the manner in which they are put generally gain the respectful consideration of the reader.

Today, two centuries after Johnson's death, they have lost none of their lustre. They sparkle with a breathless brilliancy.

Johnson was an intensely religious man. He belonged to the High Church but numbered among his friends some celebrated Catholic divines. "To be of no Church is dangerous," he once said. "Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by Faith and Hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated and re-impressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example."

He had great respect for the Catholic Faith, at a time when it was neither popular nor prudent to be identified as a sympathizer with Catholicism. On more than one occasion he vigorously defended the doctrines of "the old religion." Boswell once asked his opinion as to the "idolatry" of the Mass, and was simply but sharply answered with, "Sir, there is no idolatry in the Mass. They believe God to be there and they adore Him." He supported the belief in Purgatory and the principle of praying for the dead. It is also recorded that he said, "A man who is converted from Protestantism to Popery, may be sincere: he parts with nothing; he is only superadding to what he al-

**Mount Argus, Dublin, S. W. 7, Ireland, Dec., 1937.*

ready had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up so much of what he has held sacred as any thing that he retains: there is so much laceration of mind in such a conversion, that it can hardly be sincere and lasting."

On the subject of marriage the Doctor held some very pronounced views, and was convinced that it was the best state for a man in general. He laughed at the notion that a person could never be really in love but once, and considered it a romantic fancy.

He did not approve of late marriages, however, observing that more was lost in point of time, than compensated for by any possible advantages. Even ill-assorted marriages, he thought, were preferable to "cheerless celibacy."

Boswell once censured a gentleman of his acquaintance for marrying a second time, on the plea that it showed a disregard of his first wife. Johnson ingeniously answered, "Not at all, Sir. On the contrary, were he not to marry again, it might be considered that his first wife had given him a disgust to marriage; but by taking a second wife he pays the highest compliment to the first, by showing that she made him so happy as a married man, that he wishes to be so a second time."

When a certain gentleman who

had been very unhappy in marriage, however, married immediately after his wife died, the Doctor wittingly described it as "the triumph of hope over experience."

A friend of his once confided that he wished to marry a lady whom he greatly admired, but was afraid of her superiority of talents. Johnson, in a cynical mood, one suspects, quickly answered: "Sir, you need not be afraid; marry her. Before a year goes about, you'll find that reason much weaker, and that intellect not so bright."

At one time of his life the Doctor was a heavy drinker. While admitting that he had no objection to a man drinking wine if he could do it in moderation, he frankly explained that he found himself apt to go to excess and eventually decided to do without it. On one occasion after dinner he harangued upon the qualities of different liquors, and having spoken very contemptuously of claret, he summed-up as follows: "Poor stuff! No, Sir, claret is the liquor for boys; port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero (smiling) must drink brandy."

Johnson's true attitude towards drink can be defined from the following dialogue that took place during a party at Sir Joshua Reynolds'. The question discussed was whether drinking improved con-

versation and benevolence. Sir Joshua maintained that it did. "No, Sir," replied Johnson, "before dinner men meet with great inequality of understanding, and those who are conscious of their inferiority have the modesty not to talk, but when they have drunk wine, every man feels himself happy and loses that modesty, and grows voracious and impudent; but he is not improved, he is only not sensible of defects. Wine gives a man nothing; it neither gives him knowledge nor wit; it only animates a man and enables him to bring out what a dread of the company has repressed. It only puts in motion what has been locked up in frost—but this may be good or it may be bad."

"So, Sir," answered Sir Joshua, "wine is a key which opens a box?"

"Nay, Sir," came the reply, "conversation is the key; wine is a pick-lock which forces open the box and injures it. A man should cultivate his mind so as to have that confidence and readiness without wine, which wine gives."

Johnson always wished to journey to Italy, because as he said, "A man who has not been in Italy, is always conscious of an inferiority, from his not having seen what it is expected a man should see. The grand object of travelling is to see the shores of the Mediterranean.

On these shores were the four great Empires of the world: the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman. All our religion, almost all our law, almost all our arts, almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean." Another time, he mentioned, "Greece appears to me to be the fountain of knowledge; Rome of elegance."

The Doctor once defined poetry as the art of pleasing. Referring to translations, he said, "You may translate books of science exactly. You may also translate history, in so far as it is not embellished with oratory, which is poetical. Poetry, indeed, cannot be translated; and, therefore, it is the poets that preserve languages, for we would not be at the trouble to learn a language, if we could have all that is written in it just as well in a translation. But as the beauties of poetry cannot be preserved in any language except that in which it was originally written, we learn the language."

Speaking once of a dull, tiresome man, whom he chanced to meet, he said, "That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one."

He thought a sea-life a wretched existence and remarked on more than one occasion, "A ship is worse than a gaol. There is, in a gaol,

CATHOLIC DIGEST

The Golden Thread of Catholic Thought

☐ 12 Issues \$2.00

☐ 24 Issues \$4.00

Name _____

Address _____

City-State _____

SEND BILL TO:

Name _____

Address _____

City-State _____

(Add 25c for foreign postage)

Start subscription with month of _____



BUSINESS REPLY CARD
First Class Permit No. 987 Sec. 510 P. O. Box 987 St. Paul, Minn.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

244 DAYTON AVE.

ST. PAUL, MINN.



better air, better company, better conveniency of every kind; and a ship has the additional disadvantage of being in danger. When men come to like a sea-life, they are not fit to live on land."

A few days before he died, Johnson said, "I would give one of these legs for a year more of life, I mean of comfortable life, not such as that

which I now suffer." He was tended with great care by his faithful friends, and as the end approached, his mind became calm and serene. "I have prayed and I may render up my soul to God unclouded," he told his physician, and it is with pleasure that we realize that such a noble man died "full of resignation and joyful in hope."



Secrets of Propaganda

If anyone will go to the pains to collate the foreign news which appears in all the daily newspapers, he will discover that there is hardly any substantial difference in what is printed in journals of remotely different principles. All tell the same tale, with some small variations in the bias given the sub-editing. All depend on the same stream of information supplied by agencies. Seldom in history has a more difficult, more vital issue come upon the world than the conflict in Spain; but the newspapers of the English-reading world have published almost identical reports, with only rare attempts to penetrate beyond the agencies which supply them.

Who is the controller of this current of propaganda? I do not know. Some say that the rulers of Britain own and control the agencies. Some say that a group of Freemason and Jewish intriguers are the masters. Some think that public opinion creates a demand for news congenial to the mass-mind and that this is supplied with no motive save commercial salability. Whoever or whatever controls the supply of news to English-using newspapers, it must be a small group; for we see that all the news comes through one narrow channel. It is obvious, too that this control of news is not done by minds akin to ours. In fine, therefore, we depend for our international news upon a small anonymous group, resident we know not where. We live under as strictly controlled propaganda as the inhabitants of Communist and Fascist countries. The only difference between us and Russians and Italians is that the Russians know that Stalin controls the news, the Italians know that they are hearing only what Mussolini wishes them to hear, but we muddle along under a dictatorship that we cannot identify. We call ourselves free because we cannot see our master. We know, however, that he is not one of ourselves.

Aodh de Blacam in *The Irish Monthly* (Nov. '37)

Japan and the Christian World

By JOSEPH KELLER, S. J.

How unseemly we seem

Condensed from *The Cowl**

Seven times we had touched the floor with our foreheads, each time with friendly words of greeting. My host, the director of the largest teachers' college of the Japanese province, then invited me to take my place on a large cushion at a very low little table. I spoke to him on the ways of arriving at the knowledge of God, of His Herald to the human race, Jesus Christ, and of the organization established by Him, the Catholic Church. My host listened to me with close attention.

"The most important problem of Japan," he finally replied, "is indeed that of religion. Thirty or 40 years ago we educators were averse to all religious sects. Our excuse for this opposition is at the same time an accusation against the Christian world. We had made a careful selection of the best to be found in Europe and America for our political, educational, social and economic system. We hoped to do the same for religion. At the time, however, our representatives found a different religion in every country of the western world, although they all called themselves Christian.

"We stood in amazement before the power and dignity of the Pope, but who could explain to us at the

time the fact of his imprisonment in a Catholic country?

"In so-called Catholic France the government was engaged in drafting anticlerical legislation. In England—what confusion in religious matters! We were especially astonished to discover religious conditions in Germany inconsistent, superficial and very hazy, since we had learned to esteem that country above all the others for her scientific activity. In America we found extreme luxury based on wealth and technology, but failed to discern the spirit of things, and especially the soul of the people. The country was made up of an amazing and apparently a splendid conglomeration of many nationalities, without being a nation itself, and possibly unable ever to become a nation, because the soul was lacking. Hundreds of Christian sects were in evidence. They came into existence and disappeared again like so many business undertakings."

My suspense and interest increased continually, as my host favored me with this lucid description of past efforts.

"Our educational system forces us to make a decision. Previously schools were practically unknown

*110 Shonnard Place, Yonkers, N. Y., Dec., 1937.

among us. Children received their entire training at home. The traditional religious ideas of the people were gradually instilled into their minds. Religion was knit into the very fabric of their daily lives and actions.

"Education, on the other hand, postulated an intellectual treatment of religion. Accordingly we had to decide whether we should imbue the children with the belief in innumerable gods, or with the legends and myths of Buddha. We were absolutely opposed to either of these methods. The only procedure open to us, therefore, was to teach no religion at all. Our schools had to be non-religious."

This exposition astonished me so much, that I could hardly believe my own ears, and so I ventured the question, "Do you really no longer attach any importance to Shintoism and Buddhism?"

"None whatever," was the reply. "Shinto and Buddha have completed their mission, and will disappear. However, our experience with non-religious schools is a sad story. By means of the schools our people became conversant with the intellectual views of the so-called modern European and American nations, and in consequence realized more and more the absurdity of their own childish religious notions. In the course of time the

intimate connection between religion and morality and customs dawned upon us educators, but it was too late. In casting off their religion, our youth also foresook the ancient practices and virtues of their forebears. Superficiality and wantonness showed themselves in our students, together with a spirit of insubordination such as ours had never before witnessed. And we educators had to confess that we ourselves were to blame. It was our duty to stem the tide; but now the flood is upon us, and who shall save our people?"

Being unaccustomed to my squatting position, my feet began to grow numb, so I raised myself occasionally on my knees, without, however, standing up. This did not escape the notice of my host. He graciously invited me to stroll in the garden with him. A Japanese garden is more a picture than a garden in the European sense. In the midst of shrubbery a complete landscape is constructed of various rock formations, small temples, graceful bridges and pleasant walks.

On re-entering, we found the lady of the house engaged in preparing tea of honor. In a large glass tumbler she stirred a quantity of pulverized tea leaves mixed with a little water, until it foamed to the top. She then poured half of this into each of two saucers, and filled

them with steaming water. Kneeling on the floor she placed one saucer before me, and touched the floor with her forehead. The other dish was placed before her husband in like manner. She herself took no tea, but knelt silently at some distance from us. My host and I solemnly raised our saucers to our foreheads, then set them to our lips and emptied them in three draughts. We replaced the dishes on the tatami, and made a profound bow to each other, then to the lady of the house, to whom we addressed the courteous words of thanks prescribed by custom. My host now resumed the topic of our conversation.

"Although we have felt constrained to abandon our ancient religions, we have no intention at present of opposing religion in general. Reading the Bible, and discovering the really marvelous change which the teaching of Christ has brought about in the world, have finally convinced us that our people must embrace Christianity.

"Christians, however, think only of themselves, as we have experienced to our great regret. If lack of religious unity appears to be unfortunate to Europeans, to the rest of the world and particularly to us it is the height of absurdity. Why should we disrupt our people in that most important of all ques-

tions, in their religion? In this city there are five different sects at work. (Official reports list 21 different American sects in Japan.) It horrifies us to note how our people are being drawn into the squabbles and disputes of these sects.

"It is left to us, therefore, to perform the task which the Christians, due to ignorance, superficiality and love of ease, have left undone. We are in search of the authentic expression of the doctrine of Christ, and we shall not rest content until we have discovered the true Christianity. This is our great task, and the fulfillment of it may have its effect beyond our own nation. Perhaps our efforts will be the salvation of all nations. At least we are inspired by the thought that we are engaged in solving a problem which affects the entire world.

"Up to the present I have known the Catholic Church only through the Seishin yakuin (Sisters of the Sacred Heart). Their educational institutions in Obayashi (near Kobe) and in Tokyo are renowned throughout the country, and it is now quite the common thing for the principal families to send their children to the Sisters for their education. The Department of Education and Cult considers their work as ranking with the best. Since this is the first opportunity I have ever had of speaking to a missionary of

the Catholic Church, you will permit me to beg you most earnestly: Send us many of these Sisters from Europe and America (Doteisama wo mittete kudasei)."

At the end of this conversation, I found myself deeply impressed, and replied briefly to the concluding request. In accordance with local custom I took with me one of the cakes, and my host and I went to the living room, where the entire family was gathered to bid

me farewell. Deeply engrossed in pondering over what I had heard, I went through the various farewell ceremonies prescribed by Japanese custom. I was overpowered by the thought: If only Christians were united! Do they really understand what unity among them in the Catholic Church would mean for the entire world? If they did, they could not tolerate their present dissensions. They surely cannot understand.



Viaticum

According to canon law, Viaticum, is to be carried publicly to the dying unless some good reason suggests that it be done privately. How beautiful a ceremony it is when the prescriptions of the Ritual can be followed in their entirety! It is prescribed that the church-bell be tolled so that the parishioners who can do so may assemble to accompany the priest.

When they have gathered and have lighted their candles, the priest, bare-headed and vested in surplice, white stole, cope, and humeral veil, takes the pyx containing the Blessed Sacrament and, covering it with the ends of the veil, holds it reverently before him. Canopy-holders are to bear the canopy over him as he advances. An acolyte, bearing a light, heads the procession, then come two clerics, if possible, bearing, one the holy water and a burse containing a corporal and a finger-towel, the other the Ritual and a bell which is to be rung continuously. Then follow as many of the faithful as can do so, bearing lighted candles. Lastly comes the priest.

As the procession advances, the priest is to recite the Miserere and other psalms. As he reaches the house, he is met by the family of the sick person, bearing lighted candles. They conduct him to the sick person's room, which they have properly prepared for the occasion. Except while the sick person is making his Confession, all remain present holding their candles during the sacred ceremony.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart (Nov., '37)

Eric Gill

By GRAHAM CAREY

Hewer of stone and ideas

Condensed from *Liturgy & Sociology**

Man is a creature of God. The essential note of creaturehood is dependence upon the Creator. Conscious dependence upon God is religion. The denial or ignoring of religious values is secularism.

Man's nature is from above, not from himself. He is what he is—land animal rather than sea animal, rational animal rather than irrational—simply because God has so willed him to be. He is created a social animal not by his own will but by God's, and his happiness depends upon his acceptance of this fact. The denial or ignoring of man's social nature is Individualism.

Our Lord said that Man's whole duty could be summed up in two commands—to love God the Creator and our neighbor fellow creature. When his teaching was taken sufficiently seriously to color the whole of society, Western Europe took it for granted that love of God and neighbor were the necessary foundation of their civilization. However many were the personal failures, enough people believed in the basic Christian principles to give the institutions of medieval Europe a Christian background and tone.

In the intellectual and moral turmoil that closed the Middle Ages this state of affairs changed. Secularism and Individualism took possession of sufficient minds to change the color of society from Christian to pagan. At the end of the "modern" period, which the Renaissance ushered in, we find that the pagan theological, philosophical, economic, political and artistic systems are breaking and have already broken down.

We do not today need to read the criticisms of Cobbet to know that Protestantism has broken down. Even without reading Gilson's masterly analysis of Renaissance Idealism, we know that secularism and individualism applied to philosophy is more and more discrediting itself. In economics, secularism and individualism produced Capitalism. Belloc has spent his life exposing the essential unworkability of the idea of Liberal Parliamentarianism, which is secularism and individualism applied to politics.

Protestantism, Subjectivism, Capitalism and Liberalism are manifestly nearing their ends, and their decline is accompanied by sufficient intelligent criticism. But there is

*269 Avenue A, New York City, Dec., 1937.

practically no intelligent criticism of the secularist and individualist theory and practice of art which Catholics and non-Catholics alike have accepted as part of the Renaissance tradition. Now people realize that something is wrong with art, but hardly anyone has studied the problem of what is wrong and how it is wrong in the light of philosophy. There are but only two forceful informed and articulate critics of paganism in the department of making things. These are the Indian scholar Ananda Coomaraswamy, and the English sculptor, Eric Gill.

The discussion of Art is more important than it appears, for it is the discussion of human productive work. Only the pagan tradition has persuaded us that there is an essential difference between the artist and other kinds of workmen. Therefore, the importance of these critics of art may be said to vary as to their rarity. Being so few, their works are correspondingly valuable.

For years Eric Gill, who started his career as a cutter of letters on tombstones, has been publishing books at frequent intervals, most of them very compact and small. In

them he has treated the essential unchristianity of the Renaissance notions of art and of work. He sees clearly, and is able to make his readers see, that Protestantism, Idealism, Capitalism and Liberalism are all similar aspects of secularist and individualist errors, contrary to the nature of Man and the Will of God; and that "the whole bourgeois phantasy" of art and industry, studio and factory, is the result of the same paganism. His theme is always the same, though the accidents of his expression of it differ.

His business is carving, engraving and punch cutting, not writing. His books are the by-products of an enormously productive mind. Between jobs, or by way of recreation, he writes essays or gives lectures, and many of his books are merely collections of these essays and lectures.

To write intelligently on the philosophy of art a man must know art as well as philosophy. Art can only be known through practice. Here is a scholastic philosopher who learned his philosophy, not in an atmosphere of books, dust and blackboards, but with a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other.

It strikes me as a grim joke that there is a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. I suggest that when they have made this world a fit heaven for animals, they then turn their attention and energy to the common laborer.

In return they will still receive the same dumb look of gratitude they formerly received from the animals.

Catholic Herald (12 Nov. '37)

Radio City

By MARY DODGE TEN EYCK

House of gadgets

Condensed from *Light**

New York City contains many wonders but few can vie with the National Broadcasting Company and the renowned Music Hall. Visitors may see any of the 48 studios, including the famous "Blue Room," the "Speaker Studio," and the world's largest studio. The Speaker Studio gives no hint as to its use and is intended for nervous personalities, as even celebrities are subject to mike fright. It appears like a well appointed living room, with not the slightest likeness to a broadcasting station. The largest studio in the world accommodates 1,500 and at every 15 minute program has a waiting list of 1,000 listeners. Here is hung a magnificent curtain containing 1,500 yards of Japanese damask.

Temperatures in each studio are modulated from a central control room and in the whole huge building there are but three radiators, heat and fresh ozone being air conditioned. Likewise on 10 of the floors there are no windows.

In case of storms there are 50 tons of reserve electrical storage, enough to run N. B. C. broadcasts, or 10,000 homes, for 3 weeks. Needless to say there is duplicate equip-

ment, and under one of the trench floors, which can be moved in sections, are 250 miles of wiring. From California a program may be broadcast, sent to New York and back in a split second, while a machine-typed message in New York appears on tape in Los Angeles just 1/150 of a second later. Programs are telephoned over 30,000 miles of wiring, and within 20 seconds an artist may be heard in 88 cities.

All the studios are "floating," that is, strung on girders, as a box within a box. These boxes are sound-proof and composed of brick, tar paper, steel mesh, wire, cement, two layers of wood fibre, a perforated mesh, then linen and wall paper on cloth. The floors are of cement, wood fibre and a rubber composition.

The tricks of sound are interesting and amusing. For instance, crushing cellophane produces the effect of a raging fire; bird seed dropped on paper makes rain; stepping on peach baskets gives a variety of impressions including Ed Wynn smashing Rubinoff's violin over his head; rubbing a drum head with a scrubbing brush

**International Catholic Truth Society, 405-407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec., 1937.*

sounds like a swashing surf. Mass scenes only are done by electrical transcription. However, the newest mike is so sensitive that bird seed falling on paper sounds only like bird seed falling on paper. This mike can pick up the pulse of a beating heart. Fortunately it has a dead side so if the artist is about to sneeze he can rush to the other side. Our loud speakers are merely inverted mikes. It is interesting to observe how the voice can be seen in activity waves, from audio into radio and back into audio.

In the Music Hall, mirror effects predominate, making the beautiful chandeliers appear round, seeing oneself into infinity, viewing from the rotunda several levels of people in mirrors 60 feet high. The black mirrors are heavy plate glass over ebony. Walking on the rugs designed with musical instruments gives one the sensation of happening on the cat.

The picture screen can enlarge its objects from 37 to 70 feet and, when not in use, it can be separated, drawn into the wings of the stage and hauled up 7 floors out of sight. From behind this screen one can see the audience through the lower meshes of the material. Four picture machines are set up at once, the average film running 2,000 feet and taking 20 minutes to show, the films being regulated by measuring

and cutting machines which dole out to the public exact doses. It is of interest to know that for Mickey Mouse from 10,000 to 15,000 drawings are necessary in one reel, 750 feet of film. Incidentally Mickey Mouse is distributed in 83 countries. Likewise it takes 40 feet of ordinary film to show the raising of an arm. There are 14 spot lights; and certain machines make floating clouds, rain and sunshine, but steam comes from back stage. The films, kept in fireproof, air-conditioned vaults, cost thousands to produce, hundreds to rent, and, when scrapped, are made into gunpowder by the Government.

Like the screen the four huge amplifiers back stage separate and are raised by hydraulic elevators up 7 floors. The stage, part of which can revolve, itself splits into 3 sections and is lowered 2 floors where mammoth settings are arranged on it, perhaps a church, a castle and grounds or just a garden. The music pit also can be raised and swung outward into the theatre, the musicians playing all the time.

The Music Hall has 1,100 employees; there are 44 men shifting and arranging stage scenery, 10 more who manage lights only. Everything used is made in the building: costumes, scenery, food, light, heat, even horses and dogs are housed with a groom attendant.

The employees have all manner of conveniences and comfort, including a roof garden.

Roxy still maintains his luxurious rooms, apparently for the sleek black cat who greets his guests majestically and allows them a few reverent strokes. Everything from rich appointments to mechanical perfection is up to the latest minute in Roxy's aerial apartment.

Reaching the roof of N. B. C. at the 65th floor takes a mere 39 seconds; nor will a glass full of

water spill so much as a drop going up that swift ascent, so steady are the elevators. The view from the roof is marvelous, a panorama to enchant the eyes and imagination, and with good visibility one can see miles up the Hudson, across to Jersey, well out at sea.

After the first exploration of Radio City one's impressions resemble a kaleidoscope. The world and this particular corner of it is indeed full of a number of things.

Monosyllabic Marxianism

What is new in Marx is not new. Marx said that a top class likes to stay tops. We knew that long ago.

Marx said that the class which is not tops wants to go tops and fights the top class to go top. That is not new.

Sin is not new. It's sin that makes men keep more than they need. It's sin that makes the class that is on top use wrong means to keep on top. And sin is not new.

What is new in Marx is not true. It is not true that all our thoughts are due to one cause, the tools which we use and the way in which we make our cash.

Nor is it true that when the class that is down now comes to the top the class fight will stop and the State will fade out and there will be no more than one class.

What is true in Marx is not new. What is new in Marx is not true.

Arnold Lunn in the *Religious Bulletin* (of Notre Dame).



The people in Russia have as much freedom as a cuckoo in a cuckoo clock, free only to obey the mainspring of the director.

—Fulton J. Sheen.



In Germany propaganda has been perfected to such a pitch that it is possible, according to the formula of Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, to "play upon the organs of public opinion as upon a piano." The newspapers, magazines, reviews and books, even the most elemental forms of juvenile literature, seem to have no function save to perpetuate the regime in power.

Joseph Thorning in *The Christian Front*.

On a Hobby-Horse

In union there is dogma

By LONGFELLOW FISKE

Condensed from *St. Joseph Magazine**

I can almost say that I rode a hobby-horse into the one true Church!

This special hobby of mine was "Church Unity." I read a few books along that line, then looked over the Christian landscape and saw how terribly crippled Protestantism was because of divisions, sects, and diverse creeds. If only Protestants could unite, I thought, if only the churches would drop their denominational tags and tear down the creedal fences, what a power Protestantism would be in the world! Why it would become another catholic, universal, church, and a powerful rival of the Roman Church!

And why not? I thought. Christianity is "one" in all essential points, I reasoned. There should be, and could be, if we would only be sensible about it, a united Protestant church with one broad creed and a uniform type of government.

Then I proceeded to work out in my mind and on paper a liberal "statement of faith," avoiding all distinctions drawn by Presbyterians, Methodists, Disciples, etc., a platform on which, I thought, all Christians could stand. Having perfected the "idea," I started to preach it.

And how! Sunday after Sunday I berated against creedal fences and denominational barriers, and called to Christendom to unite, unite!

I must have shouted loudly and with eloquence for I soon built up a reputation beyond my own parish and community as a prophet of the "new era."

Then came an invitation from a church to become its pastor. Instantly I was intrigued and "sold" on that church, for it was an actual experiment in the thing in which I was supremely interested. It was a sort of laboratory in church unity. It was known as a "Federated" church and was a merger of the Congregationalists and Presbyterians, and also included men and women of no particular creed. They were all actually worshiping under one roof and with one pastor!

You see, both the Congregational and Presbyterian churches in that city had become weak and unable to continue, and so a few "practical" hard-headed business men of both communions had gotten together, compared notes, and resolved to join forces. The Congregationalists sold their church edifice and came over to dwell with the Presbyterians. They had one

**Mt. Angel, Ore., Dec., 1937.*

church. Of course the set-up was perfect, I thought, and I was delighted to become the pastor of this, to me, Church of Tomorrow.

Was the experiment a success? Yes and no. Yet, we must concede that the plan devised for merging was both clever and ingenious. Together, the Congregationalists and Presbyterians had formulated a "constitution" to govern their relationships. They had adopted a "statement of belief," hardly a creed. And they continued their separate sectarian organizations, but elected deacons and trustees to serve on a joint Board. They had one Sunday School. "For you are all one in Christ Jesus," was the Scripture basis of the arrangement, and these words were placed upon the bulletin board outside.

But I soon discovered that the "plan" had its difficulties. For instance, it necessitated more or less a "giving up" upon the part of all. The Congregationalists had to merge their New England pride and traditions, their non-creedal predilections, with the more stern and theological habits of mind of their Presbyterian brethren.

We became a non-creedal, non-Calvinistic hodgepodge of rather weak-kneed and backboneless Christians! With no uniformity of faith we couldn't be anything else. We even provided the way by which

almost anybody could become a member of the church without declaring his acceptance of any special doctrines. One didn't necessarily become a Presbyterian or Congregationalist—rather, just a "Federalist!" He might be a Unitarian, or even a Hindu, for that matter, or a Jew, so long as he declared his desire to "live the Christian life," to live according to the "principles" of Christ. The theology of the church was not a theology at all—it was an ethic. I am sure that Mahatma Ghandi could have joined this church, and would have felt perfectly at home!

I found myself in a precarious position. I could not preach any distinctive doctrines of any particular creed; I could not offend anybody, of course; and I had to be at once "liberal" and "orthodox." I found myself more and more avoiding vital Christian themes and going on a hunt through history, literature, and philosophy for subjects that would "tickle the ears" of my congregation. I was reduced from a prophet to a dilettante lecturer!

Possibly the most interesting adjustment in the whole situation was the annual business meetings which were held in January. The Congregationalists would meet in the main auditorium, the Presbyterians in the Sunday School rooms, and

those of "mixed" history and learnings would herd themselves in the basement dining-room.

Each group would elect its "Federated" officers and fix its home and foreign mission budget. After the separate "annual meetings" had transacted their business, they would all meet in the auditorium for the combined "Federated" meeting. Surprisingly, the arrangement, complex as it all was, worked very well.

The real trouble was of administration. Where the plan failed was in its spiritual functions—it made quite impossible the preaching of a positive, definite Christian message. Theology and doctrine had to be almost disregarded, and this meant a "gospel" so general and attenuated as to lack vitality, grace, and spiritual power. After all, "Christian unity," as I knew it in practice by my Federated Church, was practically a success but spiritually and doctrinally a failure.

I soon realized that my dream of the re-uniting of Christendom in a Protestant catholic church was impossible; that is, in any real sense. It was a mirage, an idea and prayer, but little else. It simply

wouldn't work out in practice.

Still, I am convinced that this is what is coming. The Protestant churches are being forced to do something, becoming weaker, they will have to turn to "unity" whether they like the idea or not. This will exact a renouncing of distinctive doctrines and it will inevitably mean a "liberal" church, with the fundamental truths of Christianity lost in the shuffle!

As I see it today, after having become a Catholic, there is but one possible basis of Christian Unity. That is the basis of authority.

After all, the fundamental difficulty lies in the two different attitudes of mind toward dogma and the Church. The Protestant exalts individual judgment and personal freedom of thought, and abhors all suggestion of authority and dogma. The Catholic, on the other hand, recognizes the Church as a divine institution and indeed the Mystical Body of Christ. Dogma becomes a natural and welcome corollary, for it means that, through the Church, our Lord speaks, and with that same authority that was His when He lived in the flesh.



"Verily were the Catholic Church in the moon, England would gaze on her with more patience and delineate her with more accuracy than she does now."

Cardinal Newman.

The Church and Fascism

Condensed from *The Tablet**

Soul in the national body

In a rapidly moving European scene Spain is already ceasing to be in the center of stage. When the Northern campaign was brought to a successful conclusion without any serious diversions or attacks on the Aragon front, the decisive phase of the struggle was considered to be past. For many months that struggle was really waged between the powers, and the major lesson of the Summer of 1937 was that there is not, in Britain or in France, a public opinion which can be mobilized and allowed to run the hazards of war for the sake of determining the form of government of some distant country.

The lesson of Spain is the lesson of Italy and Germany: that among highly civilized European peoples the answer to the evils bred of 19th century economics is found in the creation of strong government dedicated before all else to the preservation of the national character and the national life.

Signor Mussolini, in his Berlin speech, declared that the Europe of tomorrow would be Fascist, not so much as the result of propaganda as by the logical development of events. His paper, *Popolo d' Italia*, has since amplified that speech in

an article believed to be from his pen, arguing in more detail that while Fascism can never be a standardized form of society similar in all countries, but must in each be blended with national peculiarities, it represents tendencies so deep rooted that they are manifest everywhere, in Britain and the U. S. no less than in Russia, so that many countries which imagine themselves to be resisting the whole ideology are, in fact, themselves moving rapidly towards it.

The present attitude of the Church to Fascism has passed, in a few years, through a parallel course to that which the rise of the Liberal financial regimes of the last century called forth. There was doubt whether it would be possible to establish the same relations with the new order as had been painfully established with the old. In general the Liberal regimes proved unfriendly but tolerable, and the Church has learned not to ask more of civil governments than that they be bearable and admit that minimum which enables the life of the Church to go forward. But the great characteristic of the 19th century order was that it differed from country to country, that the same institu-

*39 Paternoster Row, London, England, Nov. 20, 1937.

tions worked out quite differently among different peoples, so that the Catholic experience in Holland and Belgium and Switzerland, for example, was markedly different from the Catholic experience in France. It is the same with the authoritarian regimes. After an uncertain start, Italian Fascism and the statesmanship of its leader, established, in the Napoleonic manner, a working understanding with the Church.

The authoritarian regimes are particularly attacked as hostile to liberty. It is important to bear in mind that no word has been more often taken in vain in the last 200 years. In one of the most remarkable of his encyclicals, the *Libertas Praestantissimum*, Leo XIII, 49 years ago, set out Christian teaching on human liberty and the dependence of liberty on law, a rule as to what is to be done and what is to be left undone. He made the point in that encyclical which is so consistently ignored by progressive thinkers today, that civil society did not create human nature, and is not the author of the good which benefits or of the evil which injures that nature. Laws came before men lived together in society, and have their origin in the eternal law. It is this eternal law, the authority of God commanding good and forbidding evil, which is the

protection of men against oppression. Liberalism first cut at the root of this respect, denying any divine authority to which obedience is due, and finding the efficient cause of the unity of civil society simply in the free will of individuals and deriving the authority of the State from the people.

Every day we read this same prevalent language with its assumption that the legal sovereignty of an elected assembly is a real sovereignty, without obligation beyond itself. What is so easily seen and so clearly denounced when it appears in its totalitarian form passes uncriticized when it is wrapped up in words like "the good of society," or the rights of self-governing Democracy.

Men should accordingly not arrange these systems in orders of merit but horizontally, and should approach them historically, and approve of one form in one country, and its opposite in another. They should bring them all to the test of how far they achieve the end of civil society to enable men to fulfil the end of their creation. Judged by that test, the whole Liberal order will be found to be as much penetrated by deep errors, far-reaching in their civil consequences, as any other of the temporal orders devised by men.

Catholic Books of Current Interest

Borden, Lucille Papin. *Starforth*. New York: Macmillan. \$2.50

Mrs. Borden has written an absorbing tale of the tragic years in England from the reign of Henry VIII through the first year of Elizabeth's.

Kearns, J. C., O. P. *The Life of Blessed Martin de Porres*. New York: Kenedy. \$1.50

Sponsored by the Blessed Martin Guild, the book is an authentic account of the labors of the Dominican mulatto of Lima. It is especially apropos at this time because of the present wide-spread devotion to him and the movement toward his canonization.

Urbel, Justo Perez de. *A Saint under Moslem rule*. Milwaukee: Bruce. \$2.25

A biography of Eulogia, the last of the great Hispano-Romans, which gives an excellent contrast of the glorious renaissance in Spain under Moslem rule with the present conditions of the country under Communistic influence.

Moore, Thomas H., S. J. *I Also Send You*. New York: Fordham. \$1.50

This inspirational and instructive study in apologetics is an excellent guide for the layman seeking a simple direct explanation of Catholic principles.

Furfey, Rev. Paul Hanly. *Three Theories of Society*. New York: Macmillan. \$2

The author of *Fire On the Earth* analyses the three major ideals which motivate present-day civilization. He shows how the materialistic ideal, and the desire for beauty, may be elevated to a spiritual level through faith.

S. A. C. *Brother Petroc's Return*. New York: Little, Brown. \$1.75

A Benedictine monk trained in the simple Age of Faith awakens to find himself midst the confusion of the 20th century. Artistically combining theology, psychology, and dramatic incident, the author has effected a remarkable tale.

Repplier, Agnes. *Eight Decades*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$3

A collection of Miss Repplier's favorite essays penned over a period of 50 years. The book is not only a self-portrait of the charming writer but a reflection of society during the half-century.

Kaye-Smith, Sheila. *Three Ways Home*. New York: Harper. \$2.50

In this delightful autobiography, the English writer tells of the great satisfaction and security which she has found in the Catholic Church.

I have been reading this magazine since the first issue appeared on the newsstands and enjoy it very much. I especially like the clear, concise manner in which articles are presented and also its being free from the taint of bigotry.

Washington, D. C.



It must be admitted that, barring a few dull and uninteresting choices, your selection has been uniformly splendid. Your "Index" which came with the December issue gives one a clear idea of the great range of your picks. I am glad that I kept all my back numbers.

Rapid River, Mich.



Please! Never stop sending Digest unless you receive a letter from me to the contrary. It's too splendid to miss.

New York, N. Y.



I think your Catholic Digest is splendid! Our book club has subscribed to it and we read articles aloud at the meetings.

Allston, Mass.



I think the Catholic Digest should change its motto from The Golden Thread of Catholic Thought to The Silver Spearhead of Catholic Action. It really is that.

Los Angeles, Calif.

